

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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PLUCK WINS! IT ALWAYS
WINS! THOUGH DAYS BE
SLOW AND NIGHTS BE
DARK 'TWIXT DAYS THAT
COME AND GO. STILL
PLUCK WILL WIN. ITS
AVERAGE IS SURE. HE WINS
THE MOST WHO CAN THE
MOST ENDURE. WHO FACES ISSUES. HE
WHO NEVER SHIRKS. WHO WAITS AND
WATCHES AND WHO ALWAYS WORKS

ODDITIES AND BREVITIES

The page of miscellany that The Companion prints every week is something that has not its like in any other magazine. In April these items among others will appear:

THEIR DISAPPROVING WIVES

Amusing anecdotes of the shifts to which passionate collectors of first editions and old prints are put to conceal their extravagance from their wives.

FAITHFUL AS A FRIEND

The old fellow who cannot read finds when the note from his friend the superintendent is read to him that he is not "fired" but asked to dinner.

WAS NAPOLEON A COWARD?

Well, Talleyrand, Napoleon's cynical minister of state, called him one and gave his reasons for it.

WHO INVENTED THE SEPARATE STARCHED COLLAR?

He and she—for his wife helped him—lived of course near Troy and at first merely worked out their invention for the husband's convenience.



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FASTING

FASTING is abstaining from food and may be either voluntary or involuntary. Voluntary fasting is often beneficial and can be prolonged for a considerable period; involuntary fasting, on the other hand, is almost always harmful if long continued. But in the case of involuntary fasting other things than mere deprivation of food are present, such as anger, fear, anxiety and in the case of shipwrecked persons exposure and lack of water to drink. That man can exist without food for several weeks is an undoubted fact that has been proved by professional fasters, by hunger strikers and by those who have abstained for the purpose of treating disease. In order to endure a protracted fast, however, a person must have water in sufficient quantity, for without water death will almost certainly occur in a few days. Moreover, lack of food can be endured much longer if the body is kept warm and the faster abstains from exercising; for maintaining body heat and producing energy are among the chief uses of food.

Fasting is often of extreme value in treating and in preventing disease. Most of us eat more than we need; the result is that the vital functions are overtaxed in getting rid of the surplus, and often the surplus accumulates and, fermenting and decomposing, becomes a source of auto-intoxication that causes much ill health. An occasional fast of a day or two is therefore often beneficial, for it gives the system time to catch up with its task of disposing of refuse. Better than fasting of course would be greater moderation in eating, for that would make fasting unnecessary.

The thirty-day fasts that some sensational writers have described and recommended are not only undesirable but dangerous. One serious effect of prolonged fasting is a condition of acidosis that may increase to such a degree as to cause death in coma even before the nutritive reserves in the body are consumed. A day or two or even a longer period of absolute fasting many physicians regard as most useful at the beginning of any of the infectious fevers; the loss of appetite at such times is an expression of nature's approval of such treatment.

A prolonged fast leaves the digestive organs weak, and food should therefore be given cautiously to a person who is on the verge of starvation; it should begin with warm soup, diluted milk and other liquid foods in small quantities at short intervals of time. No solid foods should be given for the first few days.

HEARING SARASOVA

THE two girls stopped before half a dozen posters announcing various concerts and singers. One poster showed the sensitive face of the singer who had taken the city by storm the day before.

"My, but wouldn't you love to hear her?" Martha Elbridge cried.

The other girl frowned. "They say no one has had such a reception in years. She's coming back in April. Much good it will do us—with eighteen a week!"

Martha flashed round; her eyes were like stars. "Sadie Deal, do you see that? The top gallery seats are only two dollars!"

"Well, what of it?" inquired Sadie. "If you can afford two dollar shows on eighteen a week, I can't, that's all."

"But it needn't be two dollars at once. Why, Sadie, there are three months to April; that's only sixteen cents a week. We can do that! Come on, let's save for it."

"I suppose we could that way," Sadie replied. "It doesn't seem much when you figure it out so."

"We can put aside sixteen cents each Saturday," Martha continued. "Oh, won't it be wonderful! I never heard a really great singer in my life—and three months to enjoy it all beforehand!"

Sadie eyed her curiously. "You talk as if saving were a lark."

"So it will be when it's a saving for Sarasova!"

For three weeks Sadie saved. Then she saw a blouse that she could not resist. The first payment—she bought on credit—demanded every penny she possessed. After that she lost all interest in saving for the concert.

As for Martha, it was not always easy to put aside sixteen cents each week. One week she ate only crackers and milk for lunch. But she held resolutely to her purpose, and one afternoon in April found her climbing the long stairs to the gallery.

For two hours she lived in a world such as she had never dreamed of; and at the end she felt as if she had been away for a long time in some land of beauty.

"And I have it to remember all my life!" she cried to herself exultingly. "All my life!"

Ten minutes later she met Sadie. "I've heard Sarasova!" Martha cried. "I've heard her, Sadie!"

Sadie stared at her. "Well, I don't know how you can afford it," she retorted. "I can't!"

NO EXCITEMENT AT THIS FIRE

AN anecdote in The Companion some time ago about becoming excited at a fire reminded a reader of an incident that occurred at his summer home on one of the islands of Lake Erie a good many years ago. The village was a typical small town, he writes, and was the proud possessor of a fire engine, one of those terrible machines with levers at the sides that had to be worked up and down at a tremendous rate in order to throw even the tiny stream of water of which the engine was capable. There were no hydrants in the village, and so when there was a fire the engine was hauled to the nearest well or to the nearest beach, and a suction hose was used to bring up the water.

That method proved satisfactory in most cases, but one hot summer evening a general store perhaps a block from our cottage caught fire. The engine was run out upon our dock, and the hose was stretched to the scene of the blaze, which by that time was crackling merrily. Immediately everyone rushed up the street to help manage the nozzle. Of course no one wanted to go back to the lake and struggle with the handles of the engine, and so, since there was no water, the crowd all sat up on the fence across the street and watched the building burn to the ground. "A good time was had by all," and no one, so far as I know, became excited!

PRACTICAL PHYSICS

WHEN the party of three, which included two college professors, says the Argonaut, entered the hunting camp in the Maine woods their attention was attracted to the unusual position of the stove. It was set on posts about three feet high. One of the professors began to comment upon the knowledge that woodsmen gain by observation.

"Now," said he, "this man has discovered that the heat radiating from the stove strikes the roof, and the circulation is so quickened that the camp is warmed in much less time than would be required if the stove were in its regular place on the floor."

The other professor believed that the stove was elevated above the window in order that sleepers could have cool and pure air at night. The host, being of practical turn, thought that the stove was set high in order that a good supply of green wood could be placed beneath it to dry. After considerable argument they called the guide and asked why the stove was in such a position.

"Well," said he, "when I brought the stove up the river I lost most of the stovepipe overboard, and we had to set the stove up there so as to have the pipe reach through the roof."

EFFECTIVE TREATMENT

IN his new biography of Abraham Lincoln Prof. Nathaniel Wright Stephenson tells an amusing story about a certain important midday conference at the White House at which Lincoln's presence was absolutely necessary.

During the conference Mrs. Lincoln sent word that dinner was ready. The President paid no heed. Another message he also ignored. Presently Mrs. Lincoln herself arrived, "a ruffled, angry little figure"; thereupon her husband lifted her calmly in his arms, carried her outside and, depositing her on the floor, shut the door in her face. She did not return.

AVENGING A TELEGRAM

ON arriving in Manchester, says Tit-Bits, a man who was fond of playing practical jokes sent a telegram to a friend in London that read: "I am perfectly well." The charges were "collect."

The information must have been gratifying, for about a week later the joker received an express package on which he was obliged to pay heavy charges. Opening it, he found a large street paving block upon which was pasted the following message:

"This is the weight your telegram lifted from my heart."



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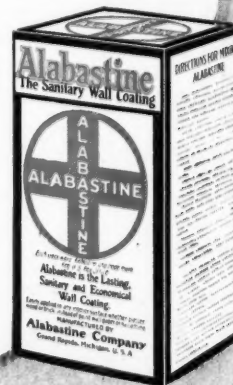
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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FIGGY DUFF POT

Chapter One

The stranger from "up along"

A STRANGER with a seaman's chest and a canvas kitbag came ashore from the coasting steamer at Windy Head and greeted the inhabitants in a sociable manner. "Where-away lays Figgy Duff Pot?" he enquired.

"Up to the bottom of the bay, sir," replied an old man.

"You mean at the head of the bay," returned the stranger, smiling. "I'm on to yer lingo. I've sailed many a v'yage with Newfoundlanders. They were good men all, but the best of the lot was Dick Conway, and it's him I'm lookin' for now."

"What might ye be a-wantin' Dick Conway for, might I make so bold as to ax wid all civility an' respect?" countered the old man.

"I know yer ways as well as yer lingo," said the stranger, laughing. "Simple and suspicious. But don't waste yer time and mine bein' suspicious of me. Eighteen or maybe nineteen year ago I made Dick a promise to pay him a visit in Figgy Duff Pot one day, likin' him an' also the name o' his home town, and here I am. What I want him for is to shake him by the hand and swap yarns with 'im and sit around lazy and comfortable till the mail boat picks me up two weeks from now and takes me back to St. John's, where my ship is laid up for repairs."

"Aye, sir, I knowed ye for a honest man the minute I see ye," said the ancient. "I reads yer kind heart in yer eye, jes' like I reads ye for a deep-sea sailorman an' maybe the mate of a grand ship, by the anchor an' mermaid on a divartin' device picked in so complete on yer hands an' arms, sir. Ye'll find Dick Conway at Figgy Duff Pot up to the bottom of the bay; an' me own gran'son Pat here'll sail ye all the way along clean to Dick's landin'."

So it happened that the stranger made the journey from Windy Head to Figgy Duff Pot with little Pat Praddle in a leaky skiff.

Although the Conways lived at the bottom of the bay and with the majority of their neighbors were a submerged people, their existence was not submarine. They breathed fresh air and plenty of it. Fresh air seemed to be the only necessary of life, the only physical necessary, at least, in which they could freely indulge themselves at all seasons of the year. They were desperately poor, and the stranger suspected the woeful truth as soon as he had glanced upward at Figgy Duff Pot.

He stood on the narrow land-wash of weedy black rock and looked up and round at the broken faces of the cliff that walled the cove of clear green water on three sides, at the flakes, or drying-stages of gray poles and black brush, and at the tiny gray cabins that clung here and there among the rocks between the flakes and the top of the cliff. He saw narrow paths winding up from the edge of the green tide, twisting, vanishing, reappearing and twisting again.

"It don't look any too much like figgy duff to me," he reflected.

He lowered his glance and turned and looked across the rock-girt basin of green water. "Hah! There's where the duff's got



"Ye'll find Dick Conway at Figgy Duff Pot up to the bottom of the bay"

to, I reckon!" he exclaimed. "Now, there's somethin' like!"

The remarks were evoked by a group of buildings situated on the northern side of the cove and some distance to the west, gleaming against the brown cliff and gleamingly reflected in the still water perhaps a quarter of a mile away from the poor huts among the southern rocks. The buildings were substantial and shipshape. The most striking of the group was a long, low house with two red chimneys; its walls were as white as good paint could make them, and the wooden shutters at its bright windows were as green as a garden.

The other units of the group were not so impressive—storehouses and sheds with tarred roofs and red doors. Below all lay a narrow wharf with its heavy piles in the green tide.

"Now there's why he gave up the sea, I bet a dollar!" continued the stranger. "Every man to his taste—and a million of money wouldn't keep me in this hole more'n two weeks! Wonder what that boy Pat thought he was doing when he put me ashore on this side?"

Two skiffs were lying on the land-wash, and he supposed that the others were out in the big bay at the fishing. He turned again and looked up at the little gray huts. A number of persons, old people and children, were looking down at him by that time, some from little windows and others from open doors. He waved his hand, and everyone waved back at him.

"Who'll put me acrost to the other side?" he shouted.

The nearest old man came scrambling and hobbling down the steep path. He arrived breathless and shaken. "I be the lad to ferry ye acrost, sir!" he exclaimed. "There bain't a grander skiff for safety in the entire bay nor this here skiff of me son Dick's. Himself bes out to the fishin' wid a new one, but if he was here this minute he'd tell 'e wid his own mout' how this here bes the best of the two."

The stranger gazed intently at the eager old man. "Dick?" he repeated. "Dick who? What's yer own name, mate?"

"I be Norman Conway, sir, an' I'll ferry ye acrost to the skipper's landin' as easy as wishin' it."

"Not so fast, mate! Norman Conway ye say? And Dick Conway's yer son? And

maybe he once sailed a couple of deep-sea v'yages, yer son Dick?"

"Aye, sir, he sure sailed two deep-sea v'yages an' brung home a green parrot wid him what talked that free an' ingenious the skipper up an' banged 'im wid his gun one day for fear he'd fright all the fish off the coast."

"That was quite a spell back I reckon, as much as eighteen or maybe nineteen year ago."

"Aye, sir, it were a powerful long time ago."

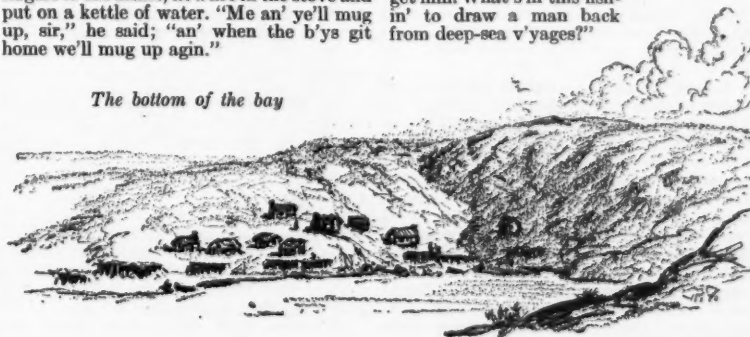
"Then I'll not cross the cove, mate, for yer son Dick's the very man I've come to see, Dick Conway of Figgy Duff Pot. We sailed two v'yages together, and I'm his friend."

"Dick's friend, sir? Ye be a grand friend entirely for a poor lad like me son Dick. But come along to the house, sir, wid yer little nunny bag."

The hut to which old Norman Conway led the stranger contained one room and a loft. Even so the ground floor apartment was not spacious, and there was no more head room than you would find in the cabin of a little ship. The windows were small, and in each sash several panes of glass had been replaced with rusty tin or patched with paper. Several hides of caribou lay on the uneven floor. The furniture consisted of a small stove, a big bed, four homemade chairs and a three-legged stool, a deal table, a battered cupboard and in one corner a bread bin and several earthenware crocks.

The old man seated his son's friend in the largest of the chairs, lit a fire in the stove and put on a kettle of water. "Me an' ye'll mug up, sir," he said; "an' when the b'ys git home we'll mug up agin."

The bottom of the bay



By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

DRAWINGS BY RODNEY THOMSON

The visitor was an observant man. He watched his host dip deep into the bread bin and tilt the tea caddy high. He saw that no amount of hobbling about on the old man's part produced either sugar or butter. The final result of his host's activities could have been covered with a hat or disposed of in two minutes by a hungry boy. A pot of tea, two small cakes of hard-bread and a cup half full of molasses were the materials of the "mug-up."

The stranger was as tactful and kind as he was observant. He sweetened his tea with molasses, which old Norman called "long sweetenin'"; and when Norman said that there was lashings of "short sweetenin'," meaning sugar, if he could but lay a hand on it, the stranger looked as if he believed it and said that he was everlastingly mislaying things himself. He drank his tea with a smiling face, but when it was deep in his stomach he wondered what the mischief it was made of! He devoured one of the two cakes of hard-bread, which gave more satisfaction to his jaws than to his appetite. Then he sighed in a full-fed way and passed his tobacco pouch to the old man.

The stranger was no darling of fortune, and both he and Dick Conway had been ordinary seamen and humble sailormen when they had voyaged together, but here was a degree of poverty exceeding anything he had imagined in connection with his old shipmate. He himself was the son of a poor Nova Scotia farmer, but he could not remember a time when there wasn't a chicken to kill and eat, when there wasn't buckwheat meal enough to last to the next harvest. He had left off going to school early and devoted most of his daylight hours to heavy toil to help his parents and the other children in the common struggle; but there had always been furniture and rooms enough in his father's house. And now after twenty years of sailing he was nothing but the mate of a barkentine. And yet Dick Conway's father and habitation and tea seemed a nightmare to him, things unreal, things as impossible as unnecessary. He tried to imagine the conditions under which that state of affairs could come about, but the task was too much for him. He remembered Dick as smart and strong and willing, smarter than himself even, the makings of a better sailor and navigator than himself. And yet this was how Dick was housed and fed after eighteen years of toil! What was wrong with Dick Conway? Or what was wrong with Figgy Duff Pot?

"Dick was a smart seaman," he said to old Norman, hoping to inspire confidences. "He'd been a boson in another v'yage or two if he hadn't quit and captain of a ship by now if the fishes didn't get him. What's in this fishin' to draw a man back from deep-sea v'yages?"

"It weren't the fishin' done it, sir," replied Norman. "Dick t'rowed over the furrin v'yages for to marry a woman."

"Where's his wife?"

"Herself bes gone to glory long ago, skipper,—t'irteen year ago come Christmas. An' herself were a masterpiece of womanhood! Dick were hit all abroad, sir, foun-dered an' distracted; an' his mind turned to memories o' furrin sailin' in his distress. But for little Norman an' Corney an' little Mary he'd sailed away. An' there be'd the debt a-holdin' 'im too. An' it weren't a twelve-month afore little Mary passed away, despite the good food we give her an' the fire a-roarin' in the stove."

"He has two sons ye say?"

"Aye, sir, two lads, young Norman an' Corney, an' as good lads as ever et hard-bread an' the culls of the catch. Good lads, sir, but maybe ye won't know what to make of Corney an' his queer ways. It all come o' his book learnin'. Aye, Corney bes a grand scholar. It was a missioner storm-bound in the Pot learned 'im the mystery six year ago come Michaelmas, an' now his head bes as full of strange, grand notions as a rich man's skin of butter an' duff."

"Strange notions? What about?"

Old Norman wagged his whiskers. "I bain't tellin', sir, for I bain't knowin'. He keeps 'em to himself an' wrastles wid 'em all alone up beyant on the barren."

"He must read queer books to get ideas to make him act like that. Where are his books?"

Old Norman arose and hobbled to a far corner of the room; presently he returned to the table with three small battered volumes. The stranger examined them with interest one by one. The first that came to his hand was Half Hours of English History; the second was Outlines of Natural History; and the last was My Journey Through Lapland, by Major J—K—.

"Nothin' out of the ordinary here," he said. "Where's the rest?"

"They t'ree bes the lot, sir, an' a power of readin'," replied the old man. "There bain't anudder book in Figgy Duff Pot save maybe one or two little Kathleen Dikeman maybe fetched down home wid her from the grand school she was up to in St. John's."

"I've got some in my box for him anyhow," said the guest. "I hove 'em in for Dick, thinkin' maybe this wasn't much of a place for books an' clean forgettin' he couldn't read."

The door opened, and two tall figures entered the hut, stooping to avoid the beams across the low ceiling.

"Here be Dick an' Norman," said the old man.

The stranger stood up and stared. "You wouldn't be Dick Conway of the North Star?" he said. "Not you with the whiskers! Man, what the mischief have you been doin' with yerself since I last saw ye?"

"Dick Conway's me name, aye, an' the Nort' Star was the barkentine I sailed two v'yages in," replied the bewiskered fisherman, peering at the stranger. "Aye, sir, Dick Conway. Angus Brown! Angus, b'y, be it yerself?"

"Sure, Dick. Lay it there! How's the boy?"

"Lad, ye looks grand, but older, b'y, older. Ye could knock me along the floor wid a candle, b'y, to see ye here in Figgy Duff Pot. Say, but ye be stout an' handsome, Angus, b'y! An' did ye come all the way down from up along to swap yarns wid yer old shipmate?"

"Didn't I promise I'd come to see ye one day? Well, here I am. But my box is still down on the land-wash, and some odds and ends stowed away in it that would maybe interest yer pa here."

Dick and his son Norman fetched up the box; and while Angus Brown was uncording it Norman's younger brother Corney arrived from an inland expedition, with an old bread bag full of trout on his shoulder. Mr. Brown eyed Corney curiously as he shook his hand.

Corney Conway was close upon sixteen years of age, young Norman's junior by a year. Both lads were tall enough, but as lean as hounds. Their faces were thin, much too thin for youth. Like his father and grandfather, Norman had gray eyes, but Corney's were so dark as to appear black at times. Both had well-shaped heads, good features and somewhat wistful expressions. Their boots were patched; their garments, which were of coarse, patched fabrics, were stained and ragged, and their hands were sun-burned, salt-scarred and toil-hardened. Humble and weary were their

feet, their attire was attire of ragamuffins, their hands were the hands of poor fishermen; but, despite the suggestion of hunger in the thin cheeks, their heads were of astonishing dignity. Angus Brown, who was a keen observer of men and things, noted them particularly from the shoulders up.

"They're like you, Dick," he said. "Aye, and yer pa here has the same look. It's what I first saw in yerself, Dick, when ye come aboard the North Star; and then I would of swore ye'd be captain of a ship some day. It's a high look, kinder superior."

"There bain't nothin' in it, Angus, not in my case anyhow," replied Dick Conway, smiling wistfully.

Mr. Brown produced a two-pound box of chocolates from the big chest and passed them to old Norman. "Couldn't think what to fetch along," he said. "Kinder reckoned there might be some little girls. But these are first-class eatin' for anybody, young or old."

He dipped into the chest again. "Well, if here ain't some guava jelly!" he exclaimed. "Two big pots of it and right up from Barbados. Mister Conway, ye'll like this guava jelly if ye've got a sweet tooth."

"All the t'ree toots I has left be sweet uns, sir," replied old Norman.

Mr. Brown hesitated in his exploration of the interior of the chest, glanced round the dusky room, then ceased his efforts entirely and closed the lid and sat on it. The boys were outside, cleaning the trout for supper.

"Dick Conway," he said gravely, "when I set out from St. John's to make you a visit I didn't know any more nor the man in the moon if I'd find ye dead or alive, rich or poor, sad or happy. First off I looked for you in the city, thinkin' ye might be a great man by this time an' done with Figgy Duff Pot; for ye looked to me like the makin' of a great man in the old days, for all you couldn't read nor write."

"Ye sees me, b'y," murmured the other bitterly.

"Sure, I see ye, my old shipmate down on his luck! When I set out from St. John's for this coast I wasn't certain I'd ever find ye, so I loaded the old box up with grub so's I wouldn't go hungry."

Dick Conway laughed with a catch in his voice. "Fetch it out, b'y!" he cried. "Break out the grub an' stow the talk; for if ever there was any dirty pride in this house it bain't here now."

"Spoke like a proper old shipmate!" exclaimed Brown, rising from the chest and again lifting the lid.

Dick Conway lit a lantern. The visitor produced tea, bacon, sugar, tins of beef and of condensed milk. Then young Norman and Corney came in with the trout all ready for the frying pan. The fish were fried with slices of bacon. It was a good meal despite the fact that there was a shortage of bread and no vegetable at all.

When the boys had ascended to their beds in the loft Angus Brown heard about Pat Dikeman, skipper and trader, the man of the white house; and he had as much as he could do to believe all that he heard. Briefly this is the story. Pat Dikeman, now in his fifties, had come trading to Figgy Duff Pot from French Cove as a young man. In those days most of the fish and trade of that bit of coast went to old Skipper Nolan of Squid Cove, but folk felt sorry for the poor young man in his little old fore-and-after with the patched sails; so he picked up a quintal of prime fish here and there and now and then a few pelties. Then old Nolan died, and Dikeman got all the trade. He traded fair in those days, as generously as Ben Nolan had ever traded. It wasn't long before he left French Cove, which is away up south in Conception Bay, and built a little house and a store in Figgy Duff Pot. He hadn't any education or any manners to speak of, but he had a grand offhand way with him in business; and it was his grand way of trading that won the hearts of the simple folk of that coast and played the mischief with them. In those days it was, "Bread, Bill Tanner? Sure, b'y, ye knows where it lays. Drag off what ye wants an' leave the rest." They emptied his store of the things they required and filled his sheds with the fish they caught and cured in peril and weariness. No man had to ask twice for boots or sugar or hard-bread or flour.

Dikeman did his own bookkeeping. The fishermen didn't keep books, but some of them cut little notches on sticks and the edges of doors, a notch for a quintal—a system that they had always found satisfactory in their dealings with Nolan.

Dikeman built the white house and

bought a new fore-and-after; and then one fine day he asked the men of Figgy Duff Pot to square their accounts because he needed money with which to pay for the schooner. That was a facer for the lads and no mistake! There wasn't a man of them who didn't "figger" that there was a bit of ready money coming to him; but the skipper showed his books and talked to them about the varying prices of fish and boots and flour and sugar out in the great markets of "up along," where he did his buying and selling. And what could they do except believe him? Who was there to deny or question him? They owed him money, but he didn't shut down on them. And still they owed him money, more and more every year; and still he took all their fish and supplied them with the necessities of the lives they lived. But he no longer traded in his old grand offhand manner. Now your bread bin and barrel had to be empty before you could carry away another bag of hard-bread or another pound of flour.

"But I guess you keep a reckonin' of yer fish now!" cried Brown, incredulous and indignant.

"Aye, but it bain't no use," answered Dick heavily. "The price bes always wrong. If it bain't one t'ing, it bes anudder."

"Then where's the sense of stoppin' here? And where's the sense in catchin' fish for him? Ye'd be as well off if ye sat snug at home."

"Ye don't know the skipper, Angus, or ye wouldn't be talkin' that a-way."

"I reckon I'll know him tomorrow!"

"Ye wouldn't run foul of Skipper Dikeman, b'y!"

"Why wouldn't I? Maybe it won't do much good, but I give ye my word it won't do a mite of harm to any man or woman or child on this coast, as sure as I'm mate of the barkentine Flora with my master's ticket in my pocket."

"He'll starve us to deat' if ye anger him, b'y."

"Maybe I'll anger him some, but I'll scare him a good sight worse. Man, Dick Conway, all that's the matter with you is yer ignorance! Aye, ye're a slave to yer ignorance and have been these nineteen years."

Dick and his father sat in silence. Dick wore a brow of care, but the old man showed a shining face. Old Norman had given up worrying about anything since supper.

Brown fetched an armful of books and magazines from his box and laid them on the table. "Here's some readin' for the lad Corney," he said.

"Readin'!" cried Dick. "Stow it away, b'y! Readin' an' books bes the undoin' of him now!"

"Undoin' of him? What's the matter with him?"

"Corney bes queer, an' that bes the trut', Angus. Queer in his head an' all from readin' in one of the books the missioner give 'im. He travels the barren night an' day an' t'inks the deer bain't afeared of him. Aye, he telt me so himself, that there bes a bunch of wild deer up beyant there'll folly 'im like dogs."

TO BE CONTINUED.

DEBTS AND DEBTORS

By Ruth and Robert Osborne



it was noon. An instant later she felt a hand on her shoulder. "Scuse me," said the high, rather shrill voice of the old lady across the aisle, "won't you go in to lunch with me? I despise those dining cars, specially alone."

Now June, who had never been in a dining car in her life, might in ordinary circumstances have welcomed company, but as she glanced at the absurd little figure in rusty black with a shabby bag in one cotton-gloved hand and a large square bundle, evidently a bird cage, in the other, her heart sank, and she rebelled. Why need she be nice to a prying old "frump" like that? She racked her brain swiftly for a plausible excuse. She couldn't declare she was not hungry; she was ravenously hungry! Meekly she rose and followed her self-elected friend through the train.

Once seated, the little woman introduced herself as Mrs. Pomfret and said she was on her way from a small Indiana town to spend the winter with a niece in New York. Then with businesslike directness she proceeded to find out all about June. After a few moments of reserve the girl surrendered completely, for after all there was no real reason for withholding information that it would please her listener to hear and herself to impart.

Before the waiter had brought the ice water Mrs. Pomfret knew that June was on her way to New York. And by the time the soup had arrived she knew that it was the girl's first visit to a big city, that she had looked forward to this magic day for "years and years," and that through the agency of an uncle who was "on the road" she would walk directly into one of the large department stores of New York and get a position, though in just what capacity she was as yet uncertain; that did not matter.

"Good," Mrs. Pomfret said approvingly as her bright glance rested on the fresh, eager face across the table. "Lodging's all arranged for too, I'll warrant."

"Oh, yes; mother never could have let me go if they hadn't been. Even now I believe she thinks I might as well walk into a den of lions!" And June gave a vivid picture of the small-town home and family—simple, honest people who had won a modest success at the crossroads store and had then retired to enjoy the fruits of their labors in the peace of their own little house and garden.

"But that wouldn't do for me, you see," June concluded with a restless movement of her vigorous young shoulders. "I don't want peace; I want—well, not war of

JUST one passenger, a slight girl in blue, boarded the eastbound train that frosty January morning when it drew up to the station of the little town in western Ohio. Most of the occupants of the coach that she entered glanced at her with mild interest and then resumed their former attitudes, for there was nothing about her to arrest attention—not the attention of a casual observer at any rate. But there was nothing whatever "casual" about the little old lady across the aisle; her bright dark eyes gleamed with interest behind the big gold-rimmed spectacles as they rested on the straight, somewhat stiff figure of the girl, who was then nodding a restrained farewell to the group of friends on the platform.

As the train drew forward again on its way the new passenger took a deep breath, which did not escape the notice of her neighbor, and then relaxed. Removing her hat and veil, preparing to lean back in comfort, she glanced about the car with eager interest; finally her eyes met those of the woman across the aisle. The little old lady nodded briskly, understandingly.

Surprised and not altogether pleased, June Webster was inclined to retire into her shell with a stiff little bow of acknowledgment, but something in the friendly face deterred her, and she smiled back, though a trifle unwillingly. "Regular old Miss Pry, I don't doubt," she reflected, "but she's sort of like some of the folks around home. I couldn't hurt her feelings."

To forestall any further advances June produced a book and somewhat ostentatiously buried herself in its pages. Between the book and the fascination of the flying landscape the morning passed rapidly. When the porter's call to luncheon in the dining car roused her she could hardly believe that

course," she laughed,—"but, but just life." Her glance was direct and appealing, and Mrs. Pomfret nodded her quick understanding.

"Yes, well, you'll get it, I haven't a doubt. May it be all you hope to find it."

To June's mixed relief and disappointment Mrs. Pomfret said when they returned to the coach that she was sleepy and settled down for a nap. June found her book less absorbing than before and gave herself up to delicious dreams of the days to come.

When the porter announced dinner she glanced a bit apprehensively at Mrs. Pomfret, who was still dozing. Would it be rude for her to slip in to dinner by herself? She could say she did not wish to disturb her.

June had almost decided to go into the dining car alone when Mrs. Pomfret opened her eyes, blinked several times and then said in her high voice: "Shall we go in to dinner now, dear? I'm hungrier than ever."

June bit her lips. "Yes, let's go in," she said.

She was quiet through dinner, but Mrs. Pomfret talked enough for two, relating endless tales of doubtful interest.

Not long after dinner the train drew into the great station at New York. June's heart was beating almost to suffocation as she involuntarily glanced across the aisle. In spite of her irritation she felt a pang of compassion for the little old lady nervously struggling to close a bulging bag and to gather up the bird cage and a big bundle in a shawl-strap. Mrs. Pomfret was plainly flustered.

"I'm so excited I can't seem to manage," she declared. June felt her heart relenting. After all the little woman was as kind as could be; she should hate to have her mother arrive alone in New York with no one to help her! So, swallowing her pride, the girl took the bird cage in her free hand, and the two made their way to the platform together.

"I'm to take a taxi," said Mrs. Pomfret; "Agnes could not meet me."

As June surrendered the bird cage to the taxi-driver Mrs. Pomfret leaned from her seat and kissed her. "You have been truly good to me, my dear. I hope I can do something for you some day."

June found her position at Trompet & Blair's, a humble one in the basement, and her lodgings an exceedingly small and dingy hall bedroom on the fourth floor of an unattractive boarding house. The salesgirls who were her companions throughout the day regarded her with indulgent condescension and were kind to her without making her one of themselves. But for some time the mere fact that she was in New York was enough for her.

She was not long in making the acquaintance by reputation of Stanley Wilberforce, the manager of the women's cloak and suit department; he was the favorite topic of conversation. All the girls agreed heartily that he was a "swell," but opinions differed whether he was "just naturally elegant" or "too stuck up and conceited for any use."

June threw herself into her work with an enthusiasm that amused her associates, who declared that a nine-hour job in a draughty basement on small wages was not a thing to be enthusiastic about. But the store manager knew the value of enthusiasm. June gradually advanced until some months later she came under the eye of the manager of the cloak and suit department.

"There's a girl I need in my department!" he declared. "Good figure, good manner and interested in the job."

So in November of June's first year she found herself selling expensive suits and gowns instead of the dish pans and egg beaters that she had sold in January. It was a big step upward, and June was happy over it, but she did not like Mr. Stanley Wilberforce. Her dislike was vague; she never had cause for complaint or accusation; it was just that "there was something about him." Of course June did not show her feelings; she simply kept out of his way as much as possible. The other girls in the department appeared to adore him.

Toward Christmas the demand for pretty clothes increased till the saleswomen were as busy as they could well be. June had just finished with a most exacting customer one afternoon and was busily hanging up the many garments



"There was a one-hundred-dollar shortage in your department"

viewed and rejected when she heard a suppressed titter from one of the other girls and a low exclamation, "Look who's here!"

June glanced over her shoulder. A plain little figure in rusty black was standing not far away, glancing timidly about her. After an instant's bewilderment June recognized her as her acquaintance of the train, Mrs. Pomfret. The girl's first inclination was to turn her head and pretend to be busy. But, observing the indolent, almost insolent manner of Laura Meeker, to whom the new customer timidly applied, she suddenly changed her mind. Coming quickly forward, she flashed a glance at the girl and said quietly, "I will wait on Mrs. Pomfret. She is a friend of mine."

June could hear the whispers of the girls behind her. "Just her speed," they said, but she did not heed them; the little old lady's delight and gratitude were ample reward.

"My, my, but it's good luck for me!" Mrs. Pomfret declared repeatedly. "I want to buy some things for my niece; she's just about your build and style. You'll tell me what I ought to get, won't you? I haven't much time; I'm leaving on the evening train."

Together they chose a street suit, an afternoon dress and a fur, all at prices that made June open her eyes.

"I don't want any cheap stuff," Mrs. Pomfret said. "Don't want showy, vulgar things either, just the nicest, the very best."

As they were examining evening gowns one of the saleswomen slipped up to whisper a warning in June's ear. "Look out for her if she tries to charge all that!"

Mrs. Pomfret overheard her. "Oh, don't let that worry you," she said calmly. "I always pay cash."

And so she did, drawing from the depths of the shabby bag a roll of bills that made June gasp. Mrs. Pomfret counted them carefully, three one-hundred-dollar bills and a number of other bills. It was more money than June had ever handled in her life, and she was glad to turn it over at once to Mr. Wilberforce, as was customary in that department when anyone paid a large amount of cash. The manager stepped to the cashier's desk, obtained the small change owing Mrs. Pomfret and handed it to June.

With a little pang of homesickness she watched Mrs. Pomfret depart. Perhaps after all a little shabby somebody from home was "about her speed." She sighed a little; it was hard to have no real friend in all the great city. But she had been unable to overcome a certain reserved shyness in her nature when she was in the presence of the sophisticated young women with whom she worked.

"Say!" Laura Meeker's voice behind her made her swing round in astonishment, and her chin unconsciously rose an inch or two in self-defense.

But there was a tinge of natural red in Laura's carefully-powdered cheeks. "Say, you know you're all right! I deserved that call-down you gave me and no mistake. Shake on it."

Warmed to a friendly glow, June "shook on it."

The following morning there was a summons for Miss Webster to appear at the main office. June answered it without trepidation, hoping it might mean a transfer to another department.

It was Mr. Trompet himself that awaited her, a thin elderly man with keen gray eyes and an aquiline nose. Mr. Wilberforce was standing near him. "You sold quite a large

cash order yesterday, I believe, Miss Webster?" said Mr. Trompet.

"Yes, sir."

"Can you tell me in what form the payment was made?"

"There were three one-hundred-dollar bills, four fifties, I think, and a ten and a five."

"You think? You did not count them then?"

"I watched the customer as she counted them out, and then, as Mr. Wilberforce stood quite near, I simply handed the roll of bills immediately to him."

"You could not swear that there were three one-hundred-dollar bills then?"

"Yes, I noticed them particularly, but the fifties I am not so sure about. Still there must have been four—"

"Miss Webster," the head of the firm said quietly and looked straight at her, "there was a one-hundred-dollar shortage in your department last night."

June was genuinely distressed. "Really, Mr. Trompet? How dreadful!"

"This customer was a friend of yours, I understand?"

"Well, not really, I suppose," June admitted. "I only met her on the train coming to New York."

"You could not vouch for her then? And how about your own eyesight? Can you rely upon it absolutely?"

"Oh, yes! Yes to both questions. Mrs. Pomfret is absolutely honest, and besides I saw her count out the money."

"You think then she could not have fooled you?"

"Oh, no!" June reiterated vehemently.

Mr. Trompet turned to the younger man. "What do you think of it, Wilberforce?"

"Why, it seems to me Miss Webster might be mistaken, as I evidently was myself. Strange old party comes in, you know, simple, guileless old soul apparently,—no one suspects her,—buys a lot of stuff and pays with a roll of bills—like this." He picked up a roll from the desk and ran them through his supple white fingers; then he drew from among them a one-hundred-dollar bill folded in the middle so that the \$100 marks on each end lay together. "You can see how easily this hundred dollar bill might seem to be two."

"Oh!" June's fascinated eyes never left his fingers.

There was a moment of silence.

"But she couldn't have done that!" exclaimed the girl suddenly. "Her fingers are stiff with rheumatism, and she fumbled the bills and counted them out slowly one by one."

Suddenly realizing the import of her words, she turned a horrified gaze on Mr. Trompet. His own eyes, cool, calculating, but a little sad, were not looking at her. She followed their lead to the white face of Mr. Wilberforce.

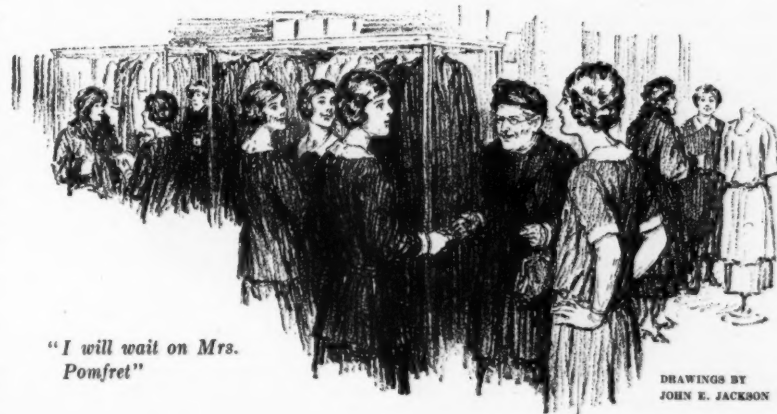
"Have you anything to say for yourself, Stanley?" asked Mr. Trompet not unkindly.

Wilberforce tried to laugh naturally, but succeeded only in smiling in an ugly way.

"Why, Mr. Trompet," he exclaimed, "you have known me for years. Surely you are not going to accuse me on the testimony of a new clerk. And her hands—" he turned to glance significantly at June's tensely clasped fingers—"are certainly not crippled with rheumatism!"

"Stanley!" Mr. Trompet's shocked, imperious voice checked the young man's insinuations. "Don't make matters worse by being a cad! You spoke truly. I have known you for years. I have known your family intimately for even longer. That is why I have not pressed charges some time ago. At first I hoped I was mistaken; then I hoped you might some day come to me with a straight story. But I can let it go no farther." He turned to a drawer of his desk and drew out a slip of paper. "Here, I think, is a complete and accurate list of your—er—borrowings. I will give you six months to make them good—somewhere else." Mr. Trompet motioned toward the door.

When Wilberforce had gone Mr. Trompet turned to June with a look of relief and spoke in a lighter tone. "As for you, Miss Webster, I believe we need just such a young woman as you for assistant manager of the cloak and suit department. Mrs. Burton will be the manager henceforth. She is invaluable,



"I will wait on Mrs. Pomfret"

DRAWINGS BY
JOHN E. JACKSON

but somewhat elderly and perhaps a trifle set in her ways. Your fresh insight, good taste and tactful courtesy will be just what we need to balance her substantial knowledge of the business and her other solid qualities."

"I hardly feel that I have earned this," June said falteringly. "I shall always be grateful. I am certainly very much in your debt, Mr. Trompet."

"On the contrary, my dear young lady, I am the debtor."

GREAT AMERICAN ANIMALS

II. THE VANISHING MUSK OX

By William T. Hornaday
Author of
American Natural History

IS the last chapter of the life of the musk ox now in the making? Let us look over the ground and judge. For a hundred years or more the people of the United States and Canada have been enjoying the possession of three great wild-animal rarities, all strictly limited to North America. They are the white mountain goat, the prong-horned antelope and the musk ox. So far as continuance is concerned we have felt no uneasiness about the goat. We have been worrying hard about the antelope, and now the musk ox has become a source of anxiety.

Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn has been warning us in strong terms about "the end of the age of mammals"; and a year ago last January when an observer from the far north openly declared his belief "that today not more than one hundred musk oxen remain alive on the mainland of North America" it gave his hearers a jolt. He said that the Eskimo tribes of the northeastern edge of the Canadian Barren Grounds have been liberally supplied by the fur traders with modern high-power rifles, and that as a result the slaughter of musk oxen has almost exterminated the herds of the Barren Grounds.

This is the regular thing today and quite in line with the treatment of wild life everywhere else in wild regions. The wise thing for American young people to do is to become acquainted now with the musk ox while it is possible to find a few outside the stuffed-animal collections of our museums of natural history.

Of all the strange animals of North America the musk ox is one of the queerest and most interesting. First of all, it is a true connecting link between wild cattle and sheep. It challenges our keen admiration because it is able to live and thrive in the fiercely-cold arctic regions, even up to the farthest north for hoofed animals, the most northerly point of Greenland. It has horns like the wild Cape buffalo of Africa, cattle-like hoofs, and its flesh looks and tastes like beef. It has next its body a dense coat of soft, clean woolly hair, and through this grows a rain coat of very long, straight brown hair like that of the Tibetan yak. It has a tail so short and small that the animal seems tailless. Its supply of "musk" and its "musky" odor are both wholly imaginary.

The intelligence of the musk ox is by turns adequate and defective. It does not fully know the dangerous character of man, and it does not know that every wild animal not under protection should fly from the presence of man. For thousands of years the musk-ox herds have been preserving their calves from the hungry wolf packs of the north by most excellent military strategy. When wolves threaten a herd it at once forms a compact circle, with the adult bulls and cows standing shoulder to shoulder in the outer circle, and with all the calves and young stock inside.

Even to hungry wolves with time a-plenty that circle of deadly down-dropping horns is impregnable. A bull may leave his place for a moment, to rush out thirty yards or so in an effort to puncture a wolf, but he never is lured too far. Back he goes to the circle, backs into his place and plays the game to the end.

Now, although that plan is exceedingly wise in defense against wolves, with man as the enemy it is fatal. It means the easy shooting down of the entire herd! Is it not too bad? The musk ox only dimly realizes the deadliness of man, and, worst of all, he has not yet learned that the Eskimo and the Indian now have deadly repeating rifles instead of old-fashioned spears. When a man is sighted in the offing, either at one mile or at three, the herd should rush off at top speed in the opposite direction and run for

about five miles. I wish I could give *Ovibos* a tip on that point.

Now, is there anyone who holds that in forming his defensive wolf-proof circle the musk ox does not think and reason? I hope not. The wild animal that attempts to live in the far north must either think or die!

For nearly fifty years the killing of the musk ox has been proceeding on a determined scale. And what is the most striking result up to date? It is nothing less than the complete disappearance, or extinction, of the Barren Ground species all the way from the longitude of Point Barrow, Alaska, to about longitude 100°, which means the head of Chesterfield Inlet. This area of extermination is precisely fifteen hundred miles long from east to west! We know that the musk-ox herds once lived as far west as the meridian of Point Barrow, Alaska, because Mr.

A TALE OF EXTERMINATION

Charles D. Brower, who lives at that point, recently sent me some musk-ox skulls, horns and hair to prove it.

This tale of extermination during the past seventy-five years has been wrought by the coast Eskimo and Indian tribes, with help from white men through the traffic in skins. It rarely has happened in our own time that savages have exterminated their own wild-animal food supply. The Indians chiefly concerned, east of the Mackenzie River, are the Dog-Rib and Yellow-Knife tribes; and they have virtually finished their work.

Today it is the coast Eskimos that are killing the last musk ox on the mainland of North America. It was one of the coast Eskimo clans of that region that recently murdered the two white explorers, Mr. Harry V. Radford of New York and Mr. Street of Canada.

The late Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, of Canada, has published in his new book, the *Conservation of the Wild Life of Canada*, this startling statement: "The remaining herds of musk ox are now restricted on the mainland to the region between Chesterfield Inlet and Back's River." This area is approximately one hundred miles by three hundred, and the total number of survivors there recently has been estimated at "less than one hundred."

During the last three years of his life Dr. Hewitt put forth his utmost efforts to save the musk oxen of northern Canada from

extinction by those who wanted their skins for the fur trade. His efforts were entirely successful so far as the enactment of prohibitive laws was concerned; but to stop all killing by the Eskimos was impossible. The killing of the musk ox for marketable skins was stopped, and the shambles of Melville, Banks and Victoria Islands were transformed into musk-ox preserves!

But the needs of the natives constituted the one loophole in the law that now is being utilized by the Eskimos north of Chesterfield Inlet in exterminating the musk ox. The law gave them the right to kill "when they are actually in need of the meat of such musk ox to prevent starvation." They are grossly abusing this privilege, and therefore giving it to them was mistaken generosity. We have long contended that the alleged "starvation" of native tribes can be averted without the extermination of the valuable wild animals to which they look for food; but it takes a superhuman effort to make governments believe it and act upon it.

So far as written records reveal the life histories of wild animals very few wild animal species ever have been exterminated by savage tribes using their own weapons. For thousands of years the balance between the crude weapons of savagery and the natural increase of wild animals was excellently preserved. For example, our North American Indians alone never would have exterminated the millions of American bison with their own weapons and for their own purposes. It was the deadly white man who did it, and the Indians helped with the firearms of the white man. Today with the Eskimos of the North shooting down the musk-ox herds with beautifully finished, long-range high-power repeating rifles it is high time for some one to find out how many musk oxen remain, where they are and what is likely to be their fate.

Let us begin with the farthest north of *Ovibos* and swing westward. In the first place be it known that there are two well-defined species. The species of the farthest north is called the white-fronted musk ox, and its Latin name is *Ovibos warti*. It is marked by a conspicuous dull white band across its forehead, which is particularly noticeable in the calves before their horns develop. When Peary made his long sled journey over the great ice cap of Greenland to the extreme northeasterly jumping-off place there at the end of his outward hike and actually within half a mile of the most northerly point of land in the world he found a small band of musk oxen of this species and killed one. And mighty glad too were the hungry explorers thus fortunately to obtain several hundred pounds of delicious meat for themselves and their sled dogs. The musk ox often has thus contributed to the cause of arctic exploration and saved many a hard-pressed explorer from scurvy or worse.

We know that halfway down the east coast of Greenland, around Franz Josef Fjord, which is in latitude 70°, the white-fronted musk ox still exists in fair numbers. We have today in the New York Zoological Park five lusty calves that were caught there in the summer of 1922 by a party of Norwegian whalers, who took time off from their whaling to accomplish that task. The Zoological Parks of Philadelphia and Washington have each a pair of calves that were taken on that occasion.

It seems to be a fact that the great Greenland ice cap is destitute of food and for the musk ox is virtually uninhabitable. It is in the rough and broken country at the edge of the ice cap, where the valleys and moraines

meet the sea, that vegetation grows and musk ox and caribou can live.

THE RANGE OF THE MUSK OX

The white-fronted musk ox crosses from Hall Land, in Greenland, to Grant Land. When Lieutenant, afterward General, A. W. Greely established his party of polar observers and explorers at an abiding place that he named Fort Conger, on Lady Franklin Bay, he found a musk-ox herd within easy reach. In 1902 Commander Peary sent to us a calf that his party had captured alive at Fort Conger in the summer of that year.

From that fearsome northerly point the white-fronted musk ox ranges southward through Ellesmere Land and Melville Island, and I know not just how many more of those great arctic islands, before it meets the other species. I am unable to draw a boundary line between the two. At all events it seems to be true that wherever the northern species leaves off the southern species begins; and the two once roamed over all the huge arctic islands that lie between Greenland and the mainland of North America.

The southern species is known as the Barren Ground musk ox (*Ovibos moschatus*). Once it inhabited the arctic coast and the hinterland of the North American mainland all the way from the northern finger of Hudson Bay westward to the longitude of Point Barrow, northwestern Alaska. That is a stretch of eighteen hundred miles! North of it lie the "lands" and islands of the great arctic maze; they are so numerous that to recite their names would be hopelessly confusing. In winter many of the islands are connected by ice. It is safe to say that in past times, before the modern rifle began its deadly work of harvesting musk-ox hides, before the killing by exploring parties and by sportsmen for "sport," every large island of that vast region was inhabited by the musk ox.

The extermination of the Barren Ground musk ox began about a century ago in the vicinity of Point Barrow, its extreme western range. It is only the oldest of the Point Barrow Eskimos who remember having heard their fathers tell of having killed musk oxen and eaten of their meat. The herds were so quickly annihilated everywhere west of the Mackenzie River that for fully a quarter of a century the belief prevailed, even among some American zoologists, that the species never had lived in Alaska during recent times.

During the past twenty-five years it is possible to trace the progress of the extermination eastward. For example, it reached the latitude of Cape Bathurst about 1902. It passed the chain of lakes north of Great Slave Lake about 1910. Now it is up to the head of Chesterfield Inlet, within three hundred miles of Hudson Bay. Between that river-like inlet on the south and Back's River on the north the last musk-ox herds of

PRESERVATION OR EXTINCTION?

the North American mainland are making their last stand. It is to be feared that the whole of them were shot down by the King William Land Eskimos in 1923—before the Canadian government could forcibly intervene to prevent it.

All this brings us squarely up to the question of the preservation or the extinction of the two musk-ox species of North America, the arctic islands and Greenland.

The answer to the musk-ox question rests one-tenth with Denmark and nine-tenths with Canada. We of the United States are out of it, because we own not one wild musk ox in the north lands.

The former Canadian government was keenly alive to the perils of the situation. I say "perils" because no statesman or good citizen can possibly be indifferent to the fate of a species so valuable and so extremely interesting as the musk ox. It is unthinkable. In 1916 when the Canadian Conservation Commission was framing the new Northwest Game Act I had a golden opportunity to discuss the needs of the musk ox with the late Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, the special adviser of the commission. I know that the utmost protection then securable was put into the new game act and enacted into law in 1917.

The act prohibits entirely the killing of the musk ox for its skin; it prohibits all killing by white men except under government license, and even then only two skins or

DRAWN BY
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



heads may be taken under each license. *Bona-fide* explorers may kill musk oxen for food, but not for their skins. Victoria, Banks and Melville Islands were constituted musk-ox reserves "and as centres for their natural distribution to other parts."

So far as killing by white men is concerned all Canadian-owned musk-ox territory—that is, everything outside Greenland—now is tightly bottled up. But alas! there is one awful hole in the law encircling the musk ox, and it may prove fatal. It is the right to kill the animals accorded to natives who are "in need of the meat to prevent starvation"; and what is easier or more natural than for the Eskimo fox trapper to claim and pretend and even to swear that he is "starving" whenever and wherever he gets a chance to kill musk oxen! Every Eskimo always "needs the meat!" And so the high-power-automatic Eskimos can by subterfuge and pretense evade the spirit as well as the letter of the Northwest Game Act as it now stands and exterminate the musk oxen everywhere outside Greenland. At present I do not know whether or not Denmark now prevents the killing of musk oxen by white men for their skins.

At this moment the Canadian government is giving serious consideration to the possibilities in the domestication of the musk ox—which means inducing herds to settle down in large protected or fenced areas and multiply. The task is perplexing and difficult, because up to this date the musk ox never has bred in captivity. Our own experiences with this animal in captivity have been squeezed dry in our efforts to give the Canadian government all the facts we have that may prove either helpful or suggestive.

First and last we have had fourteen musk oxen in the New York Zoological Park. We have had one Barren-Grounder from near Cape Bathurst, one white-fronted musk ox from Fort Conger, one from Melville Island, six from Ellesmere Land; and today we have five from eastern Greenland.

The herd of six from Ellesmere Land, presented to us in 1910 by Mr. Paul J. Rainey, gave an excellent account of itself. Some of them achieved a longevity in captivity beyond any previously attained. The last survivor was with us nearly eight years! But there was only one cow in that herd, and



LACK OF STAMINA

there was no breeding. Our female that Captain Bernier brought to us in 1909 from Melville Island lived until 1916, but she was so savage that no other animal could share her corral.

No; even in New York musk oxen, as we keep them, do not suffer from the heat; but if kept in a cruelly hot, sun-baked, unshaded corral they would suffer just as any other hoofed animal would. They cannot endure the thirteen solid inches of rain that fall in New York City every winter, and when those drenching rains come in cold weather we drive our animals into their house and shut them in. If we did not do so, every musk ox we have soon would die of pneumonia. They can stand any amount of dry cold, however, and flourish in it.

Once by way of experiment we caught a two-year-old musk ox in the shedding season and controlled it while our keepers skillfully combed out through the long, straight hair of its rain coat the whole of its fleece of fine, dry, curly wool. The wool had been shed from the skin, and the operation was painless. It required the services of half a dozen men to get that one fleece into our possession; and this enabled us to determine just what it would mean to get the wool from a full-grown, strong and dangerous animal. My opinion is that using the musk ox for wool growing is not a proper commercial undertaking. The wool we obtained weighed almost fifteen pounds, but we had rather be excused from combing a herd of full-grown animals!

On Mr. Paul Rainey's ship I dined on musk-ox steak. It was quite like beef, and there was neither musky odor nor musky taste.

The temperament of musk oxen always is nervous, and when they are under compulsion their temper is vicious and dangerous. They persistently refuse to be petted or handled; and many adult animals are of savage disposition. Their horns meet in a broad base over the top of the skull, drop far down, then sharply curve upward for several inches, terminating in sharp points. They are specially designed for puncturing

the vitals of wolves and polar bears, and the musk ox knows to a nicety how to strike home.

The experiment now being considered by the Canadian government of colonizing musk-ox herds on the Barren Grounds immediately north of Fort Churchill is well worth a determined trial. They must be kept in a fenced range, for otherwise they would migrate northward at the first call of spring. Also they would at once wander far beyond control.

Just how many musk oxen now remain alive no man knows, and there are few persons who can make a good guess. On Melville Island, in 1917, there were, Mr.

Stefánsson estimated, between three thousand and four thousand head; but we do not know what mischief has been done there since that time.

In closing we repeat that the musk ox is unique; it is one of the most picturesque and zoologically interesting animals of all North America, and we must add that it looks like one of the next candidates for oblivion. It is a toss-up which will be the next species to become extinct, the musk ox or the pronghorn antelope.

Yes; we are doing our level best to save the pronghorn; but saving it is a mighty difficult task because of the lack of natural stamina in the animal.

THE HIGHER LAW

By James William Jackson



Hal had been obliged to draw heavily on his small savings because of a long period when he had no work, and now his bank account would be further depleted because he should have to support the family alone.

"If it hadn't been for Jim Wallace's stubbornness, I should at least have been busy during those three months I lost," he said to himself one morning in June.

The view of that part of the main street that he was approaching had suggested the thought. Squatting in one of the choicest spots in the pretty town was a disreputable wagon yard flanked by dwelling houses that seemed to frown upon its ugliness. Its bedraggled fence enclosed a sleigh with one runner, a broken-down truck, pieces of rusty wagons, piles of broken timber and heaps of scrap brick and rubbish. Many a citizen had expostulated with Jim Wallace on the unkempt appearance that his wagon yard gave to the town, but Jim had replied that he was earning a living by dealing in such junk and he wasn't going to stop.

"You see I keep that carriage," he had explained once, pointing to a broken-down old buggy with only two good wheels. "Some day I'll buy another like it and make one good one out of the two." Yet he could have kept his property as conveniently on a side street.

Colonel Gordon, a well-to-do neighbor, had sought to buy the plot. Far back on it, obscured by wreckage, stood a little building that he would have remodeled, banked with rose bushes, fronted with lawn and turned into an attractive cottage to grace the street. But Jim was stubborn and would not sell. "I have a right to keep my wagons here!" he insisted.

Remodelling the little building was the work that Hal had missed, for the colonel had planned to have him do it.

As the boy reached the junk yard that morning Jim was arguing with perhaps the hundredth citizen who had tried to instill some civic pride into him. "I'm not breaking any law!" Jim declared. "I can't help it if you don't like the looks of things."

Wearied of the task as his compatriots had wearied, the citizen abandoned hope of moving Jim and walked away.

The fat little junk man, flushed and perspiring, turned and saw Hal. "Just the man I want!" he cried, and, seizing him by the arm, he said he had a cottage on the next street that he wanted overhauled and repaired at once. "I have a fine chance for a long-time lease," he added, beaming. "We'll go see, and then we'll fix the contract for repairs."

Hal examined the ancient house and concluded that he should require two weeks to put it into proper repair.

"Yes! Two weeks without fail," Jim insisted, "or, by jinks, I can't rent it! All right, we'll fix the contract that way."

Hal quickly agreed. Now that he had definitely given up going to college in the fall his mind was filled with plans for another year of work and of building up a bank account. He went over the needs of the building again, made his calculations and after

some bargaining reached a figure that was satisfactory both to himself and to Wallace. It then remained only to sign the contract.

Jim arranged to see Hal and attend to the matter that evening, but Hal didn't wait for the contract to be signed. He ordered materials and with the help of Jerry Campbell, an old carpenter, began ripping out where ripping was needed.

"Jim is a great hand for buying played-out things, eh, Jerry?" Hal said as he worked. "About the only thing fit to use over again is the site."

Jerry smiled and adjusted his spectacles; Hal saw him glance across to the main street and the ugly wagon yard.

That night when Hal went to sign the contract he did not find Jim at home. The man had been suddenly summoned from his work to his sister's sick bed a hundred miles away, and at best he could not be home for a day or so. The contract had to wait.

As the young carpenter came away he said to himself that Jim Wallace for all his lack of civic pride and sense of elegance was a man of warm heart and proper feeling.

The next day while Hal was working on the cottage he was agreeably surprised by a visit from Fred Henley, a friend who in past days had been the foreman over him. "I have a good chance for you to act a few weeks as my assistant," Henley explained. "And I think I can make it work out in a steady job as a sort of sub-foreman."

Hal was delighted. He saw before him a splendid chance to earn the money to send him to college a year later. "I'll go hunt up somebody to take this job of Jim Wallace's," he said. "What work I've done I'll throw in to make the job worth while."

But to his dismay he found in the course of the afternoon that there was no one to take the work. A second day of search was equally futile; and, although Mr. Henley delayed that day and one more, Hal was obliged to telephone that he could not get free.

He could hardly wait to have the contract signed

DRAWN BY W. F. STICKER



"Oh, well," said Mr. Henley after he had regretfully admitted that he should have to give the place to another candidate, "you won't lose so much. Workers are scarce, and you'll doubtless strike something good when you need it."

"Maybe so," said Hal. "But I certainly wanted that chance with you! I'd have telegraphed Jim to let me off if I'd thought he would do it."

The following day as Hal was leaving the cottage for material Jim came in. The little man was hurried and excited; he had brought along the unsigned contract and a fountain pen, and he could hardly wait to have the contract signed. Hal put down his name and saw Jerry witness it; then he hurried away for the material that he needed.

"Phew! That was a close shave, Jerry," Jim said complacently, wiping his forehead. "I heard that the young fellow might leave me in a hole for a better job, and I hustled like Sam Hill, for I knew I couldn't get other help. But now I've got the contract good and fast, all signed and sealed. Fine work!"

Jerry pulled his spectacles down and looked up over them thoughtfully for a minute. "Huh! Mason had a chance to leave you in a hole two days ago, long before that there contract was signed, if that's what you mean."

"What?" Jim demanded, reaching suddenly for the contract, as if to reassure himself.

"Why do you think that contract was a close shave?" Jerry demanded spiritedly. "Didn't you have Mason's word already that he would do the work on time and according to agreement?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" Jim agreed, a trifle disturbed by Jerry's vehement manner.

Jerry had been almost as keenly disappointed as Hal over Hal's losing the position with Mr. Henley, but he knew of his oral agreement with Jim, for he had been present when it was made. He well remembered Hal's saying to Jim, "All right, I'll take the contract. That's settled. Now you can go and worry over some old wreck of a wagon, Jim, and forget me."

While Jerry explained just what had happened Jim listened with widening eyes.

"He stuck to the work for me when there was no contract to hold 'im, eh?" he asked almost incredulously.

"Yes, of course," said Jerry, and while he went on with his work he told Jim about one of Hal Mason's bits of bad luck the previous winter. A sick man, it seemed, resigned his job as mechanic in one of the shops, and Hal had secured the place. But the man had unexpectedly and rapidly got well, and, since he had a large family to take care of, Hal had voluntarily given him back his job.

"The law could have made him do that if it was down on paper," said Jerry as he set up a board and nailed it into place, "but Mason was goin' by a higher law'n that."

Jim was listening with interest, but when Jerry looked at him sharply the junkman suddenly turned his glance through the

window toward the main street. Jerry followed the look and had a glimpse of old wagons, an unpainted, tumbled-down building and a toppling fence all nestling like a plague spot in the midst of order and beauty. Colonel Gordon's handsome house and trim lawn next door seemed almost to be rebuking the ugliness in audible tones.

Jerry took the lot for a text: "Now you wouldn't break the law against trespass, Jim Wallace, any more than you'd steal. I'll say that for ye. But there's the finer feelin's and good cheer of people that can be trespassed on. If the law had you, Jim, I dunno as you'd leave that wagon lot that way for a minute, but"—Jerry straightened up his spare figure for an instant and looked sternly down on the little man—"of course there's no contracts to cover them points of higher law about unselfishness and considerin' other people and sich things."

Jim waved his hand deprecatingly. "Spouse Colonel Gordon's word is as good as his bond?" he inquired irrelevantly. But before Jerry could answer Jim turned to go out.

Hal was just coming in, and Jim suddenly stopped and held out his hand; something new was in his eyes.

"I'm much obliged to you for stickin' to the job," he said. "And I'm sorry you lose by it. I'm sorry about those school plans Jerry tells me of. Maybe some day you'll be a preacher like him, eh?" And Jim smiled faintly.

"If you'd like to take some more work for me," he continued, "I'd have you help me clean up that wagon yard and paint some repairs. Maybe I'll sell the land to Colonel Gordon—in that case he'd give you a job makin' a house."

Before Hal could recover from his astonishment the little man had hurried away. Hal looked at Jerry quickly. "Now what in the world have you been saying to Jim while I've been gone?" he demanded.

"Not much," replied the old carpenter, "but what I did say seemed to sink home."

Two weeks later Hal Mason was working on a new job—cleaning up the town's eyesore and remodeling the little building in the rear. Not an hour passed when surprised and delighted townsmen did not stop to have a word. "How in the world did you manage it?" a dozen or more persons asked him.

"Ask Jerry here," Hal said to all of them. "He's responsible. He preached Jim some kind of sermon, I guess."

Hal enjoyed it all, but it was with something of a pang that he awoke on his birthday early in September. He had cleaned the lot; he had repaired and painted the little house at the rear; he had mended the fence. He had dismantled the old wagons and stored the parts in the house; he had trimmed the driveway. The place was really pretty.

So far as all that went Hal was happy, but the summer was over, and college would soon open—open, yes, but not for him. Somewhat bitterly he reminded himself that he had planned to stop work on his birthday and get ready.

A birthday letter and a gift from his Aunt Jane were waiting to cheer him at the breakfast table. Then he picked up a letter from Colonel Gordon.

To Hal's astonishment the colonel knew about his frustrated plans. "Mr. James Wallace," the letter went on, "has reminded me that I once vowed I would give a hundred dollars to see that wagon lot cleaned up. When I assured him that I was as good as my word he proposed to join me with another gift. He and I therefore have established a scholarship in the Polytechnic Institute for your use the coming year. We hope it will please you."

Hal put on his hat and ran round to the colonel's to protest that he didn't deserve anything. Jerry, he said, was the one who deserved to be rewarded, if anyone. He himself had done nothing. But the colonel was firm; he pointed out that the incident of the junk yard had established a new friendliness between himself and Jim Wallace, that the lot was clean, and that the townsmen were satisfied. Moreover, Hal need not worry about Jerry, for the old carpenter now had a permanent job at good pay. "Some things go by a higher law of measurement and compensation," the colonel observed oracularly.

And when Hal went to shake hands with Jim Wallace the little man's eyes twinkled. "I'm glad you're going to school. You've taught me something. Maybe you'll teach me other things."



THE pursuit of Chief Joseph was eventful enough, but personally I had little part in it. I usually rode with the soldiers, and with the possible exception of Major Stucki and Lieutenant Gublar they seemed to grow gradually less suspicious of me. As for General Howard, he paid no more attention to me than if I had not existed.

Occasionally I tried to follow Buffalo Horn on his alleged scouting expeditions, but as soon as I was away from the soldiers I always perceived that the Indians were closing in on me, and I quickly retraced my steps. The malignant looks that the Bannocks and the Shoshones gave me were proof that they had neither forgotten nor forgiven. Any moment that I was alone I was in danger of receiving a blow from knife or hatchet, though I realized that Buffalo Horn would have greatly preferred having me for the guest of honor at a private roasting party. It was the hope of bringing about that desirable end perhaps that kept him from killing me.

Naturally the absence of Leander and Cunningham aroused considerable curiosity. The general opinion was that Cunningham had fallen a victim to the Nez Percés, for those wily warriors were constantly taking toll of the scouts. Most of the soldiers thought that Leander had found the army too rough and had deserted. It irked me to listen to the sneers at my fine old friend, but I was obliged to keep silent.

Meanwhile we could not get within striking distance of Chief Joseph. True enough, some of the scouts clashed with the rear guard of the Nez Percés almost every

BUFFALO HORN

By Frank C. Robertson

Chapter Seven

The war whoop of Buffalo Horn

day, but we could not bring the Indians into battle. By that time there could be no question that Joseph was going over the Lolo pass. Word had been sent across the mountains to expect him, and soldiers were ready on the far side. Captain Rawn arrived at the eastern end of the pass before Joseph and dug entrenchments to stop the Nez Percé when he came out of the cañon. But with unparalleled audacity Joseph led his people out through one of the trenches and away without being discovered.

Then came the battle on Ruby Creek when the troops surprised Joseph in a meadow. Joseph left eighty-nine dead warriors on the field, but he escaped with his women and children, his old men and his equipment. Nor could the soldiers get into touch with him again to follow up their advantage.

So long as military glory is sung that famous retreat of the Indian Napoleon will be remembered. Joseph was ostensibly heading for Canada. Would he abruptly change his course and go back across the Bitter Root Mountains, hoping to have the Shoshone tribes join him? I at least was confident that he would do so. The big question always in my mind was whether Cunningham had got through the mountains and had gathered the Indians or whether Leander had been able to stop him.

I had little hope that the old mountaineer had been successful. Cunningham no doubt knew the mountains as well as Leander knew them, and besides having a long start he was mounted on a much better horse. Once the renegade got through the mountains into Shoshone territory, he could call the Indians quickly together by means of smoke signals, which would be visible for many, many miles in that thin, rarefied air.

Worse than all else was the news that came to us from all over the Northwest that the Smahollah doctrine was spreading like wildfire among all of the tribes. Undoubtedly the union of the Nez Percés and the Shoshones would be the match to set the general conflagration. Reinforced with a thousand or so warriors, Joseph would be able to win at least a few victories, and those would at once be credited to the spirits of the dead.

It was therefore with a feeling of intense

relief that I received a summons from General Howard. I felt that it meant action, and that was what I needed to relieve my mind. An orderly ushered me into the general's tent and at once withdrew, leaving us alone.

"Your paint has worn off in splotches so that you look like a pinto," said the general, smiling.

"Yes, sir," I replied timidly.

"Have you any more paint?" he asked.

"Plenty," I said.

"Would you care to undertake a scouting trip alone to see if you can find the Shoshone tribes or your old friend Leander?" General Howard asked in a casual tone.

"Would I?" I cried enthusiastically. "Just give me a chance!"

The general smiled. "My scouts don't all tell the same tale today. Some of them are sure that the Nez Percés have turned to the west and are heading into the mountains again. On the other hand Buffalo Horn reports that Joseph is still going north."

"Then they are going to meet the Shoshones and the Bannocks, and Buffalo Horn is lying about it," I said.

"It looks considerably like it," the general acknowledged. "That is why I am anxious to know what success your old friend has had in stopping the renegade Cunningham."

"I'll find out if anybody can," I said confidently.

"The mountains are full of Indians of many tribes; it will be dangerous," he cautioned me.

"I'm ready to take the risk," I boasted.

"Don't be overzealous. It may be that you will meet with the Lemhi Indians, for their home lies between here and the lost rivers. They are not as yet unfriendly, and their chief Tendoy is a trustworthy friend of the whites. If they should capture you, ask to be taken to Tendoy. I'll give you a talk for him that may or may not help you out."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"You will be given anything you need to start, but once you are away you will be entirely upon your own resources," the general said.

The remark emboldened me to make a request. "My horse,—the gray one that Buffalo Horn rides,—may I have him?"

"I'm afraid not," the general replied. "I've not yet given up hope of placating Buffalo Horn; but, even if I cannot, we must pretend friendship for him until he shows his hand. If you ever get your horse back, I'm afraid you'll have to do it yourself—after Buffalo Horn has shown his true colors."

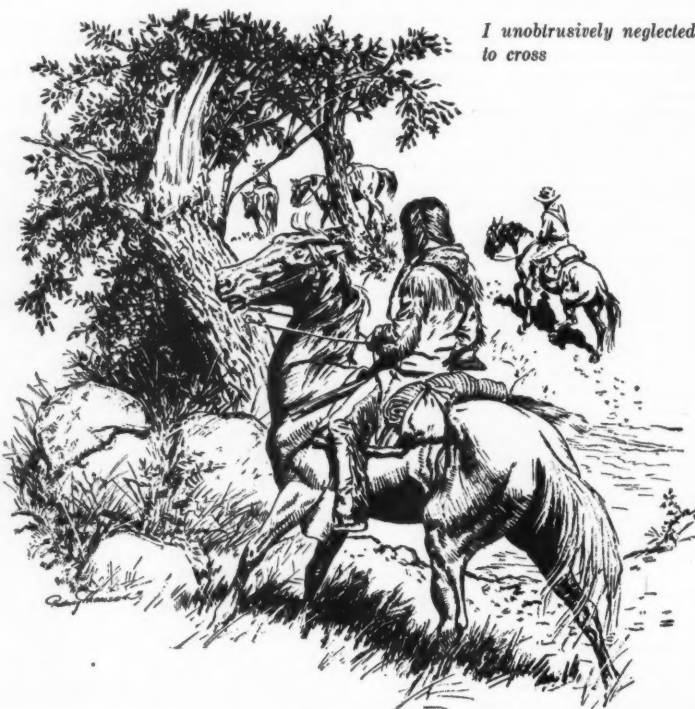
General Howard returned to his maps and papers, and I went outside. I felt better than I had felt for weeks. Now I was to see some real action!

I had already secured a McClellan saddle and a rifle; so now I tied a light pack on behind my saddle and was ready to go. My great difficulty was to get away unseen by Buffalo Horn or his Indians. There were five of them, and they always managed to have one of their number close to me.

We were now in rough, mountainous country moving slowly up a deep cañon that seemed to head far into the Bitter Root Mountains. A turbulent little creek rolled and tumbled down the bottom of the cañon. We could always hear it flowing noisily over the rocks but except when the trail crossed from one side of the cañon to the other scarcely ever saw it on account of the thick willows that lined either bank.

I started out with the leading squad of soldiers, and I quickly noticed that a tall Bannock was riding not far behind me. I dropped back even with him, then behind him. Presently he had occasion to adjust his saddle, and he stopped until I was ahead of him again. I began to think that I must wait until night; but just then General Howard's orderly rode up to the Indian and signed for him to go to the front. Reluctantly the Bannock rode by me and on till he was beside General Howard. I saw Howard make a number of signs and finally point off to the west. The Bannock made the sign of assent and began to climb the side of the cañon. I knew the general had sent the man off solely to give me a chance to get away unobserved, and I quickly took advantage of it.

I dropped back until I was riding with the rear guard. Then as the column crossed the creek again I unobtrusively neglected to cross and continued on the same side, completely screened from the soldiers by the thicket of willows. I waited a full hour until the soldiers were out of sight before I



began to climb the side of the cañon in the opposite direction from that which the Bannock had taken.

As soon as I had dropped over into the next cañon I urged Remorse to his best speed. I knew there was grave danger that some of the Indians would notice my absence, and that, if they did notice it, they would be prompt in pursuing me. I had taken the only chance to get away that offered; I could do no more.

Remorse was not a remarkably fast horse, but he was extremely tough. Nightfall found us many miles ahead of the cautiously-moving army. I had watched the back trail carefully all day and was confident that the Bannocks were not closely pursuing me; yet, as General Howard had warned me, the woods were full of Indians of various tribes.

I ate a cold lunch and tied Remorse to a pine tree with a long stake rope. Then I unrolled my blankets and, using my saddle for a pillow, lay down at the foot of the tree. I felt reasonably safe, for I knew that I could depend on Remorse's loathing of Indians to warn me of their approach. I slept as sound as I had ever slept in my life. The last I remembered was Remorse contentedly cropping the tender timber grass.

The next I knew the wind was knocked completely out of me as something heavy landed on my chest. In a moment I heard something pop and then the crashing of some heavy animal through the timber.

I gathered my scattered senses and reasoned out what had happened. Something had frightened Remorse, and he had bolted. Coming by me he had stepped on me and gone on to the end of his stake rope, which of course could not withstand the shock of a panic-stricken horse after an eighty-foot run. It had parted in the middle, and Remorse was gone.

I came to my feet with a leap. Only one thing could have given Remorse such a fright—Indians! The direction in which the horse had run told me that they had come upon him from down wind. That meant that they must have been almost upon him before

he had noticed them. I realized then that an Indian with murder in his heart might not be ten feet away from me. I grabbed my rifle and dived into the timber after my horse.

A terrific war whoop sounded not two rods behind me. The tone of that mighty shout sent a cold feeling surging over me and at the same time lent wings to my feet. That resounding yell had come from Buffalo Horn!

The echoes of the chief's voice had scarcely died away when a single whoop on the right of me and another on the left answered it. Like wolves the Bannocks had spread out to cut me off! If I deviated from a straight line, the Indians on the flanks would gain on me. I heard no more yells, but they were making as much noise as so many horses as they crashed through the bushes in pursuit.

I gritted my teeth and ran as I had never run before. I was not fast, for I had always preferred doing my traveling on the back of a horse, but my wind was sound, and my muscles were tough. I consoled myself for a while with the thought that three Indians could run no faster than one, but as I constantly found myself forced to make detours round impassable places I realized that they had a decided advantage. The Indians on the outside were abreast of me. They had only to hold out, and sooner or later I should be compelled to run into the arms of one of them.

I perceived at once that I must get rid of all surplus weight. My rifle more than anything else interfered with my running; it must be the first thing to go. Yet I hesitated long before throwing it away. The temptation to stop and fight it out was almost overwhelming, but my better judgment finally prevailed. In the half light they would quickly overpower me. Finally I dropped the gun, though I knew the loss of it meant the torture post for me if they should catch me.

The first dim streaks of daylight began to appear; Buffalo Horn and his Indians must have been trailing me all night—grim proof that the hatred of the Bannock was terrible

DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMSON



in its intensity. Daybreak killed my last hope of being able to throw my pursuers off the track.

Then I struck a dense thicket. It was too small to offer shelter for long, but it afforded a momentary respite for my tortured lungs. I halted for perhaps two minutes; then, hearing Buffalo Horn plunging into the thicket behind me, I pressed on. I plowed straight through it, hoping that my enemies would reason that I had hidden in the thicket and would waste precious time in looking for me.

At the edge where I came out I almost stumbled upon an Indian camp. It was a small one with only one fire, round which several squaws were already preparing breakfast. I could see half a dozen bucks stretched about in their blankets.

There was no time for hesitation. One of the squaws had seen me; my only chance was to go among them and ask for protection. I strode boldly forward.

The squaw uttered a short, guttural sound, and the bucks leaped to their feet. All of them carried bows and arrows; not a gun was in sight. The people looked much like Shoshones, though not nearly so dandified; nor were they so degraded looking as the Sheepstealers. I guessed that they were Lemhis.

I made the peace sign and waited with folded arms for them to speak. Apparently I had all eternity at my command, though in reality I was in a cold sweat lest the Bannocks should appear before I could establish friendly relations with the strangers. Finally the oldest buck spoke:

"Why comes the Shoshone youth to the camp of the Lemhis while the day is yet being born?"

I remembered General Howard's advice to ask for Tendoy. "I come from the headquarters of General Howard, the war chief of the white warriors who pursue the Nez Percés. I seek Chief Tendoy of the Lemhis with a talk from the white war chief."

"It is strange. The hearts of the Shoshones are not warm toward the white men," the Lemhi said with studied neutrality.

"The Shoshones have sent no red belts against the whites, and many of their young men serve as scouts against the Nez Percés," I replied.

"It is not good for a red man to fight against his own people. All red men are brothers. Soon the spirits of the dead come back, and then will the white race be driven into the sea. It will not be well for any red man who fights against the spirits of his ancestors."

The fanatical Smahollah doctrine had already permeated into that almost impenetrable fastness! The first rumor that the spirits had been seen would send the Lemhis on the warpath. It might prove to be dangerous to argue against such madness.

"The spirits are late," I said. "It may be that they are not pleased and will not come."

"The spirits have arrived! I, Buffalo Horn, say so!" boomed a deep voice, and Buffalo Horn stood before us.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CURRENT EVENTS HERE AND ABROAD

IT is the general impression throughout Germany that the trial of General von Ludendorff, Adolph Hitler and the others who shared in the unsuccessful royalist *coup* in Munich last fall has deepened the hurt to the monarchical cause that the original demonstration made. There was a great deal of oratory and speech-making in court; Ludendorff himself read a statement that covered fifty large typewritten pages, but the net result of his oration was only to convince the world that, however much he may know about military affairs, he is woefully ignorant of politics and utterly incapable of planning or directing a popular movement of any sort. The testimony shows how muddled and unintelligent were the plans of the conspirators, how headless was their organization and how bitter was their quarreling among themselves. The trial—which is for treason—still continues, but, whatever verdict may be finally rendered, it is clear that the effect of the disclosures can only be to discredit the royalists and to add strength to the republican government at Berlin.

FORTY members of the House of Representatives joined in a statement that they should present to the House and should support a bill so modifying the Volstead Act as to permit an alcoholic content of 2.75 per cent in wine or beer. They invited their colleagues to join them in introducing the bill. A few accepted the invitation, but it is not anticipated that the proposal can command even one hundred votes.

WHEN the Belgian Chamber of Deputies rejected the Franco-Belgian economic convention that Premiers Poincaré and Theunis had negotiated it gave evidence that the *entente* hitherto prevailing between the two countries had seriously weakened. The actual defeat of the ministry was occasioned by the defection of some twenty-two deputies of the Catholic group who had previously been dependable supporters of the ministry; but there has been a constantly growing uneasiness in Belgium with regard to the French policy and the un-

wavering support that Premier Theunis has given to it. A good many Belgians doubt that the occupation of the Ruhr has been a particularly good thing for their country, and they are inclined to resent the Belgian government's trailing along submissively behind M. Poincaré. Some of the Paris newspapers are a good deal alarmed by the state of opinion in Brussels and talk of France as already "isolated," so far as western Europe is concerned.

NEW YORK has joined the list of states that have voted bonus payments to their citizens who enlisted or were conscripted during the war. The act allows ten dollars for each month of service, with a maximum of \$150. It is estimated that it will cost the state \$45,000,000. All soldiers, sailors, marines and members of the army and navy corps of nurses who are residents of New York are entitled to the benefits of the law.

THE senate has voted to investigate the Attorney-General's conduct in office, in connection with the charge that he neglected to prosecute the persons concerned in the Veterans' Bureau scandal and also those concerned in the naval oil leases. Senator Brookhart of Iowa is chairman of the committee appointed to conduct the investigation.

THE soviet government, disturbed by the rising price of wheat, has fixed a maximum price, with penalties for exceeding it. There is some dispute about the causes of the steady increase in price. Some lay it to the exportation of wheat by the government in exchange for needed machinery and manufactured goods; others to the steady depreciation of Russian money; others to the machinations of speculators. It is reasonable to believe that all three causes are at work. But the attempt to "peg the price" is more likely to dry up the supply



and to increase the difficulties of the city population than to have any more desirable effect.

—A hundred men, chiefly lawyers, doctors and engineers, have been banished from Petrograd—or Leningrad, as it is now

called—for "neglecting their professions and engaging in speculation." They would no doubt have starved if they had confined themselves to their professions, for which under present conditions there is almost no remuneration.

THE political campaign in Italy of course turns on the achievements and personality of Premier Mussolini, but it is no two-party affair. The Fascisti are united in support of the government, and they assert that they can control a clear majority of the votes. There are two "flanking parties," Liberals and Democrats by name, that have their own organizations and their own programmes, but that declare themselves in general sympathy with Fascism. There is a strong anti-Fascist body called the Constitutional party, which is led by Signor Nitti or his friends, and which is opposed to Mussolini because of his arbitrary and undemocratic methods. There is the Popularist party, which is the Catholic party, led by Don Sturzo, and there are also Socialists, Communists and Republicans. If, as seems likely, Fascism wins, the premier-dictator will in default of a counter-revolution be assured of five years more of power.

OWING to a statute that obliges a certain proportion of the British ministry to be drawn from the House of Lords, three of Premier MacDonald's subordinates have been made Barons of England. Sir Sydney Olivier, Secretary for India, Gen. C. B. Thomson, Air Minister, and Mr. Sydney Arnold, Under Secretary for the Colonies, are the three. Some of the "household appointments" just made introduce into positions at court men who began life in far different social surroundings. Mr. Thomas Griffiths, the Treasurer of the King's House-

hold, was once a tin-plate worker and often on half time at that. Mr. John Parkinson, Controller of the Royal Household, was working in the coalpits when he was ten or eleven years old. Mr. John Davidson, who is Vice Chamberlain, began life in a retail boot shop. It is an interesting example of British conservatism that those men accept and discharge the duties of their positions instead of losing their temper over them as the radicals of most other countries would do.

MUCH uneasiness is felt in France over the shrinking of the exchange value of the franc. Nominally worth almost twenty cents, it was quoted early in March at considerably less than four cents. At bottom the weakness of the franc is caused by the general opinion that France will not receive the amount of reparations it has been counting on and on the fear that government expenditures may drive the country into further inflation of the currency.

THE report of the death of Prince Matsukata, though it was afterward denied, calls attention to the fact that the interesting group of influential leaders known as the Genro, or Elder Statesmen, of Japan is all but dissolved. Prince Saionji is the only other surviving member of the group that contained such famous men as Prince Ito, Marquis Inouye, Prince Yamagata, Count Okuma, Prince Oyama and Count Itagaki. Those men were the real rulers of Japan. Despite the reverential awe with which the Japanese regard their Emperor, despite the presence in Tokyo of a parliament and a ministry that are supposed to conduct the government, the real policies of the Empire and the personnel of the cabinet have depended on the judgment of those veterans. It is expected that the Genro will survive and that new men will be named to carry it on, but they can hardly succeed to the personal authority of the men who were looked up to because they had directed the great revolution of 1868, created the modern Japan and led its armies triumphantly against China and Russia.

INTERNATIONAL



A group of desirable immigrants

FACT AND COMMENT

THE WORST KIND OF RECORD is a blank one.

The Words of the wisest and wittiest Men Like Thunder are echoed again and again.

"FREE TO YOU" generally means that some one else pays double.

THE FIRST FINE DAY now is the one you set aside last winter to make some new plantings in the flower garden.

THE ACADEMY OF SPORTS in France has given a prize to the young Frenchman who crossed the Atlantic alone in a thirty-foot sloop, a feat that it regards as the outstanding sporting exploit of 1923. Another Frenchman whose name was considered for the prize won attention by following the course of a creek that disappears under a mountain and reappears again through an opening three quarters of a mile away. After having been mauled by the waters under the mountain for three hours the man emerged triumphant. Both feats were foolhardy; but the French seem to admire that sort of thing.

FROM THE NATURAL GAS WELLS at Fort Worth and Petrolia, Texas, comes the helium with which the gas bags of the Shenandoah are filled. Not all natural gas contains enough helium to be worth extracting, but there are certain other places in the United States besides Texas where a production plant might be profitable. The Bureau of Mines estimates that enough helium to fill two hundred Shenandoahs goes to waste every year, yet the United States is the only country that is known to have any quantity large enough to be worth mentioning. The great value of helium for use in balloons lies in its being incombustible.

SEVERAL OF THE STATES already have laws that exempt farm woodlands from taxes until the timber is harvested, and Louisiana has worked out a system of taxation on cut-over lands suitable for reforestation that relieves the holder of timber tracts from the burden of heavy taxes until the crop reaches a merchantable size. In order to escape the burden of heavy taxes and accumulated carrying charges the holder of large tracts of cut-over land formerly felt obliged to organize colonization schemes and make quick sales, whether the land was fit for agriculture, or whether the buyer knew how to work the land. Under the new law he can hold his land until it reforests itself and pay the bulk of the taxes when he cuts the timber.

TOO MUCH LAW, TOO LITTLE ENFORCEMENT

IN a recent address Secretary Hughes pointed out to a gathering of his legal brethren one of the weaknesses of our system of government—a weakness that is aggravated by certain of our national characteristics. Besides the national government we have forty-eight state legislatures, and all forty-nine of those "law factories" are at work a great part of the time turning out new laws. It is estimated that more than twelve thousand laws are enacted every year, and that there are also some thirteen thousand recorded court decisions interpreting that vast body of law, many of which are irreconcilably conflicting.

The disposition both of Congress and of the legislatures to justify their existence by a busy enactment of statute law is encouraged by a pathetic reliance on legislation as a cure

for every trouble—a reliance that is characteristic of modern nations in general and of the United States in particular.

The extent to which legislation invades every field of human activity—commanding, forbidding, restricting and regulating us on every side—would have seemed incredible to our forefathers; and the situation is made worse by the inconsistencies and contradictions among laws that govern communities separated only by the surveyor's line that marks a state boundary, and by the haste and carelessness with which most of the inadequately considered bills are drawn.

The natural result is lax enforcement of the law—an evil that we in this country have always before our eyes. The very multitude of the laws makes it impossible to enforce all of them. The uncertainty with regard to the precise meaning of a carelessly drawn law makes the law hard to enforce. The trifling character of many enactments and the habit of passing laws about matters on which the public is either indifferent or uninformed lead to a rather cynical attitude toward law in general on the part of many persons, some of whom are themselves charged with administering the law.

"We have vindicated our right to self-government," said Secretary Hughes, "but have we developed the ability to exercise that right?" It is a question that is worth thinking about.

COLLEGES AND THEIR ALUMNI

ONE result of the numerous appeals for money that the colleges have made to their alumni has been to awaken in the alumni an interest in the management of the colleges. Often this interest becomes so acute as to be embarrassing to the officially constituted authorities. Graduates who make large contributions and a good many graduates who make small contributions are prone to feel that their benefactions entitle them to a voice in determining questions of policy. Alumni associations, originally organized as bodies to promote good-fellowship among the members and to advance the interests of the college in various parts of the country, have now become organizations that wield considerable influence over faculties and trustees. Sometimes they seek to initiate legislation unwelcome to the majority of the members of the governing boards, sometimes they try to block the carrying out of policies that the governing boards would like to put through. They have their committees to study the problems of the college and their publications for reporting the findings of those committees and for influencing opinion.

Their ultimate aim is of course the same as that of faculty and trustees—to increase the prestige of their college and to enhance the value of the education that it offers. But in regard to the methods by which that aim is most likely to be attained the large body of alumni and the small selected groups that form the governing boards of the institution are likely to find themselves at odds. For example, the exploitation of college athletics is due chiefly to the alumni; whenever faculty or trustees make an effort to reduce the importance and abolish the abuses of college athletics they are pretty sure to encounter organized opposition on the part of the graduates. The tendency of alumni organizations to take an increasing share in the management of colleges is of doubtful advantage to the cause of education.

BLOOD TEST OR BRAIN TEST?

THOUGH an occasional voice here and there is raised in protest, the country seems to have reached a point close to unanimity on the subject of restricted immigration. At least it is apparently the accepted policy that immigration shall in some way be restricted. That is not, of course, from any unfriendliness to foreigners or lack of sympathy with them, but from a general conviction that our national powers of assimilation have limits; and under present conditions abroad it would be easy to permit ourselves to be overwhelmed by a tide of immigration that would unsettle our political institutions, lower our standard of living and create in all our great cities dangerous groups with alien sympathies.

Congress has accepted the view that our aim in restricting immigration should be to encourage those foreigners to come to us who may fairly be supposed to have ideas and habits similar to those of the older American stock and to discourage all others.

The present law admits nearly all those who wish to enter the country from the British Isles, Canada, Germany, France and the Low Countries; but it keeps out large numbers of Italians, Hungarians, Poles and Russians—including in the last category eastern Jews. It makes "like-mindedness" the test and aims to preserve in America a majority of people who come from northwestern Europe.

Another school of thought prefers the test of eugenics. It argues that the students of human biology are less and less impressed with the idea of race and more and more inclined to believe that the well-born, sturdy and intelligent of every race are much alike, and that the stupid and inefficient of all races are also much alike. They believe that a well-bred and intelligent Italian is more like a well-bred and intelligent Englishman than a heavy and incapable Englishman is, and that he is correspondingly more valuable to the United States as a prospective citizen. They would do away with the "quotas" based on the amount of earlier immigration and substitute the most searching examination to select from the would-be immigrants those who are healthiest both in mind and in body.

It is possible that in the long run selection by the second method would do more than the first to strengthen and to elevate the American nation; but it would be a hard system to administer and would be likely to provoke misunderstandings with other nations. The other plan is simpler, more easily enforced and in the present state of public opinion more generally popular.

EXCUSES

IT was an admirable saying of Margaret Fuller's that we need to know the excuses men make for themselves.

We are too ready to judge bare acts, and indeed it is necessary that we should so judge. In this remorseless world it is the act that counts, and no consideration or explanation can obviate the fatal sequence of disasters that follow from wrongdoing to the end of time.

Nevertheless, when we look, not at the act, but at the actor it repays us well to appreciate his attitude and to realize that in all cases he had some explanation, some theory of his conduct, some justification in his own eyes. If he took others' property, he had a right to it: the world owed him a living, and the world was slack to pay, and he was entitled to help himself where he could. If he treated others with cruelty, it was because they had treated him with cruelty. Men were indifferent, laws were partial, nature had given him the will and the power and had hidden him to right himself.

But those considerations have a double force when we come straight home to ourselves. Do you never do wrong? Do you not do wrong a dozen times a day, and do you do it without excuse to yourself? You do not rob or murder, but take the little meannesses, the little selfishnesses, the little neglects—are you not keenly conscious of them, and does not that consciousness show most in your ingenuity in finding excuses? If you shirked a duty, the excuse was that you were tired. If you neglected a friend, the excuse was that the friend had neglected you. If you spoke a harsh word, you were sure that you were excused by more than sufficient provocation.

So, most of all, the study of our own hearts teaches us that we should at least try to know the excuses that men make for themselves, not that we may overlook or forget the ill that they do, or ever for one moment cease our efforts to combat and overcome it, but that we may understand the doers and remember that, like ourselves, they are bits of frail, erring, stumbling, falling humanity, as inexhaustible in its effort to attain good as in its propensity to succumb to evil.

UNEMPLOYMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN

IT is frequently said and widely believed that the best solution of the problem of unemployment in Great Britain would be the emigration of the surplus labor population to the colonies. It is plain that, if only so many laborers remained as could be steadily employed in the existing industries, there would for the time being be no problem of unemployment. It is equally plain also that the problem would disappear

if the existing industries could be expanded enough to employ all the existing laborers. That would have some advantages over the wholesale emigration. Why can't it be done?

The first reason why it cannot be done lies in the common belief that there is only a fixed amount of work to be done, and that therefore it is impossible to expand industries beyond that point. But there is always more business to be done so long as people want more goods than they have. The reason business does not expand is not because there is no room for it, but because some other necessary element of expansion is lacking.

In Great Britain that element is obviously not labor, because instead of being too little of that there is too much. It is not land, because it does not take much land for factory sites, and there is plenty of it still unoccupied. It is not capital, because British capital is seeking investment in the outside world; besides, there are many factories already equipped that are idle. What, then, is the limiting element?

The fact that the question is so baffling is really the clue to the answer. If there are people who want goods, and if there is plenty of labor, land and capital available for producing those goods, why don't men produce them? The difficulty is that there are not enough men who know how to employ labor, land and capital so as to turn out a product that people will buy at a price that will cover the cost, or that will enable the employer to pay for the labor, land and capital. That it can be done is shown by the fact that it is done. Men are continually starting new and successful enterprises where no one dreamed that a new enterprise was possible, but the men who can do it are rare. If they were less rare, there would be more employment and more goods. Why are such men so rare? That is the most important question in Great Britain today, and until it is answered there can be no solution of the problem of unemployment short of wholesale emigration.

There are several answers. One is that no business man in Great Britain today can remain long in business unless he can run his business so effectively as to pay not only his own laborers out of his receipts but also a great many others. He must pay not only those laborers who return him a product but others who return him no product whatever; that is, he is taxed to pay unemployment doles to the unemployed. It is hard in these times to get enough out of a business to pay the wages of those who do the work; it is much harder to get enough out of it to pay not only their wages but, through taxes, the unemployment doles to laborers who are out of work. It takes an extremely capable man to do that, and extremely capable men are rare. Many men who could keep their businesses running if they had only their own expenses to pay are unequal to the double burden. In other words, if business were not taxed to pay doles to the unemployed, there would be fewer unemployed.

Another answer is found in the fact that too much of the best talent of England has been trained for the so-called "genteel" professions and not enough for business. It seems to many Englishmen much more "genteel" to enter one of the talking professions and to talk about the problem of unemployment than actually to solve it in a practical way by employing a few real laborers and paying them real wages out of real receipts. That is a real job, and it takes a real man to do it.

Still another reason is that men who can do real work of that kind are not appreciated by the very men whom they benefit. Too many laborers are misled by the professional talkers into hating employers as a class. That leaves only two motives for becoming an employer; namely, philanthropy and the desire for money. There is no reward for the employer in the form of esteem even on the part of the employed. There are probably other reasons why the capacity to run an industry is so rare or so rarely active, but the three just mentioned are enough to begin with.

The remedy of course is obvious. The extra burden of the business man in the form of taxes should be reduced to the lowest possible limit. The best talent of England should be encouraged to go into business, and the universities should train men for it. Those who succeed in running an industry and paying real wages to real employees should be encouraged by the highest esteem that the British people can bestow. They are the men that are most needed in England today and should be honored accordingly.



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The CHILDREN'S PAGE



Windmill

By Robert Palfrey Utter

Windmill, windmill,
Way up on the hill!
When the wind blows
The sails go round,
And before you know it!
The corn is ground.

APRIL-FOOLING GRANDFATHER

By Jessie M. Lathrop

GRANNY and Grandfather Holcomb had come to live across the road from Sam and Sally's house. Billy had been sick, and the twins had spent most of the time out of school with their old friends, so that things round home could be as quiet as the doctor and mother wished.

Granny and grandfather were not the children's real grandparents, but, as Sally said, they were just as good as if they were.

On the last day of March the twins were sitting in granny's kitchen eating popcorn. "Tomorrow is Saturday and the first of April, but we can't have any fun April-fooling anybody. It's ever so much fun April-fooling mother and Billy. You'd be surprised how easily they forget that it's the first of April. Billy is twelve years old too!" said Sally.

"Well, we can't April-fool them this year," said Sam. "Billy's almost well, because this morning he joked about that old geranium stalk that's still in the window box from last summer. But I guess he's too sick to April-fool."

"How's your mother?" asked granny, winding up the carpet rags that she had been sewing.

A Sad, Sweet Song

BY MARGARET C. LYSAGHT

Handy Andy spick and spandy
Made a pan of 'lasses candy;
Set it on the porch to harden,
Then began to spade the garden.

Up came Towser, smelled the smell,
Sniffed and sniffed and liked it well,
Took a taste and thought it great,
Licked until he cleaned the plate.



"Mother is tired," answered Sally. "She sews when she isn't waiting on Billy, and today she looks very tired because there's only a dime left in the blue mug."

"We might pull up that geranium stalk so that Billy couldn't see it, but that wouldn't be much of a joke," said Sam.

"Ho, nobody can April-fool me!" boasted grandfather. "A good many have tried, but I know all the old tricks, and no one can catch me napping."

"Oh," said Sam. He smiled and nodded mysteriously at Sally.

"You children may try; I'll give you leave to try," grandfather went on. "If you really can catch me, I'll give you a dollar!"

Granny laughed when she saw the children's delighted faces. "Oh, it won't be easy," she said. "He's offered that dollar to a good many children in years past, but no one ever caught him."

Sam and Sally went home to make plans.

"Why, he just the same as dared us to April-fool him, Sally. We must think of something," said Sam.

"I suppose he knows all about a pocketbook with a string tied to it and salt in the sugar bowl," said Sally.

"Of course," answered Sam, "they are old tricks."

They made a great many plans that night, but none seemed quite good enough.

Early the next morning after the breakfast dishes were washed and the hens were fed they hurried over to grandfather's. They were happy, for Billy had slept well and had joked with them again.

Grandfather and granny laughed when they saw the twins. "Out to earn that dollar, eh?" grandfather chuckled. "Well, now, don't ask me to look for any geese flying north or for the hole in my coat. I'm pretty wise today."

He led out old Fan and hitched her to the buggy. "Have to go to town this morning, granny and I, to do some trading and see why the fuel company didn't send that load of kindling yesterday. We shall be back by noon. You two plan a way to earn that dollar."

By and by granny came out, and they drove away.

"Now let's plan something," said Sally. They sat on the back doorstep, but they couldn't think

of anything new. A load of kindling wood came. The man dumped it on the ground, and drove away.

"I suppose that grandfather will put it into the woodshed this afternoon, so we can't even take a walk with him and fool him about wildflowers," grumbled Sam.

Sally was silent for a minute; then she jumped up, clapped her hands and laughed. "I know a way, Sam, I know!" she cried. Then she whispered, though there was no one else round, and when she finished Sam laughed too.

Be Careful!

By Nancy Byrd Turner

In summer and autumn and winter
And all through March and May
It's perfectly safe to pick up quick
A package found by the way;
And twenty-nine days in April
It's all right everywhere;
But, sssssh! At any other time
Beware, beware, beware!

DRAWN BY
H. BOYLSTON
DUMMER



In summer and autumn and winter
And ninety-one days of spring
Umbrellas ought to click up quick
When drops come pattering;
For fifty-one weeks and six whole
days

It's rain beyond a doubt;
But, whist! Upon that extra day
Look out, look out, look out!

It was almost noon when grandfather drove into the yard. The children were sitting on the back doorstep.

"Still here, eh?" chuckled grandfather. "I hope you have thought up something good. Why-e-e, granny," he continued, looking round, "didn't that man say that he had sent the wood early this morning. I declare, I'm going to drive right back and see about it!"

Granny looked anxiously round. "He did say that he had sent it," she answered. "See if you can't find a few chips so that I can start the fire, and then you drive back and see about it while I get dinner. We must have that wood today."

Grandfather opened the woodshed door and stood looking in for a long minute. Then he looked at Sam and Sally, who sat on the back doorstep.

Sunshine and Showers

Drawing by Edward Sanborn

Up in a tree top all by themselves
Live together two tiny elves.
One is Sunshine, the other
Showers,
And both are as sweet as the first
spring flowers.

Under the tree one April day
Two little children were busy at
play.

"We'll make a garden here," said
one,
"And a lake beyond when the
garden's done."

The wee elves laughed in their tree top high,
And said, "They will need us by and by,
For whoever heard of garden flowers,
Blooming without either Sunshine or
Showers?"

The children worked till their task was
done.

"We need some rain," at last said one,
"To fill the lake and to give the flowers."
The wee elf smiled whose name was Showers.

He shook the tree again and again,
And down fell big round drops of rain
Till the lake was filled and the garden fair
Dimpled and shone in the warm wet air.

"April Fool, April Fool!" they cried. After another minute grandfather laughed too. Then he got out his wallet and took two silver half dollars from it. He gave one to Sam and one to Sally.

"The only time anyone ever April-fooled me! Putting that kindling in the shed is worth a dollar too," he said.

Granny laughed heartily and gave each of the children a stick of candy.

Sam was quiet on the way home. "What's the matter?" asked Sally.

"I believe that I know a way to April-fool Billy," he answered slowly. "Let's pull out that old geranium stalk and buy one all full of red flowers and put it there instead. Then when Billy wakes up from his nap this afternoon he'll be fooled."

"Oh, goody!" cried Sally, "and let's put the rest into the blue mug, and then mother will be fooled too. Hurry, Sam. Isn't April Fools' Day fun?"

ON THE TRAIL OF THE BROWN BEAR

By Daisy D. Stephenson

AS Billy and Joe walked along the narrow road they looked as troubled as if they had a problem in arithmetic to work out; and yet vacation was already a day old. "How can we earn so much in two weeks, Billy?" Joe ran his fingers through his curly red hair until it stood straight up. "The only thing we know mother wants is a rocking chair."

"Well, that little wicker chair at Weston's store is only four dollars and a quarter. We've got the quarter." Billy had a sudden spurt of courage. "We can do a lot in two weeks. We're starting bright and early, aren't we?"

The road narrowed to a trail that wound down and round a steep rocky hill into an evergreen forest. Beyond that lay a rich valley and a pretty village. The village was larger than the mining camp in which the boys lived, and it had a railway. Billy and Joe were headed for the forest, where, if they could not hope to find a fortune, they could at least expect to earn something toward their mother's birthday gift. Each of them carried a large sack.

"Mother would open her eyes if she knew that we were after something besides cones and pitch pine," said Joe with a chuckle. Every Saturday the boys tramped out from camp to gather fuel.

"We must fill one sack with balsam tips," declared Billy. "Isn't it lucky that Miss Lane asked us to get them for her? We shall make a quarter today at least!"

"Well," replied Joe, "if we can't buy a

The impudent cub
recognized his
friends



SCHOOL AND CAMP DIRECTORY

CAMP MOY-MO-DA-YO North Limington, Me.
CAMP NESHOBE South Fairlee, Vt.
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THE STAMMERER'S INSTITUTE Boston, Mass.

The Youth's Companion Citizen Builder Covers



THE COMPANION is now supplementing its series of Historic Milestone Covers with another which has been aptly named Citizen Builder Covers. They carry some utterance borne to us from the past or that comes to us warm and eloquent from the lips of men of our own time—something that shall stimulate and encourage, now and then amuse, but always give point to some truth.

Parents, teachers, and business men are loud in their praises of this new feature of The Companion. It is the purpose of the publishers to make them increasingly important, helpful, and attractive so that they will be worthy of being kept permanently. There are forty of these Citizen Builder Covers published in the year's issue.

Tell us what you think of them.

The Publishers would welcome any constructive suggestions as to these covers or as to how The Companion can be used to become a still greater force for building good citizenship in our nation.



Perry Mason Company
Publishers
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

SUMMER AND WINTER

By Eleanor Hammond

In wintertime white snowflakes fly
Like cherry petals from the sky,
And through our leafless cherry trees
They drift before the icy breeze.

But when the spring comes, warm and clear,
And bird songs in the trees I hear,
Still, sometimes in the wind I see
Snow falling from the cherry tree!

LEMONADE

By Mary Carolyn Davies

I wish I'd a penny, a penny to spend!
But now I've not any, not any to spend!
Oh, what good are wishes, unless I do dishes
Or go to the garden and stoop down and bend?

For I must go weeding for what I am needing,
Mother says, for it's workers have pennies to spend.
No idle folk ever have any to spend,
But workers have always a penny to spend.

And I think I'd be lazy, but pink lemonade
Is so luscious and good through a straw in the shade!

eat our luncheon up on Picture Rock." So they climbed over boulders of all shapes and sizes to a huge rock where there were rude sketches that had been made years ago by Indians. The boys loved to study the rough drawings and try to decide what they meant.

"Hello, here's a war dance!" exclaimed Joe, spying one that he had not seen before. Intent on their discovery, the boys were not prepared when a dark unexpected form appeared suddenly round the end of the rock. Both boys let out a yell that any Indian might have envied. "Crony! How you sea—surprised me!" Joe nearly admitted his fright.

"What are you doing away off here?" scolded Billy as the impudent cub recognized his friends and began sniffing at their luncheon. "What's that on your nose and paws?"

Crony was licking his fore paws, either from hunger or from a desire to appear tidy in company.

"Say, Joe, it's honey!" Billy fairly shouted the last word. "Crony has found a bee tree." His face glowed like a full moon. "If we can find it—"

"Don't pay any attention to him, and maybe he'll go back," was Joe's advice.

Sure enough, when Crony found that the boys did not intend to offer him a share of their luncheon he ambled off toward a group of dead trees in a little gulch. The boys followed him.

"Oh, there's a tubful in each of these three trees," announced Joe after investigation. "Billy, we're rich!"

"Can we even buy mother's rocker?" asked Billy cautiously.

"Huh! We could pretty nearly buy out the store," Joe replied. "Let's track for home and see about getting this honey out quick. Grandfather Beatty knows all about such things."

Big Tom was overjoyed to find his pet chained up securely at home, but the boys refused the two quarters. They confided their great secret to him. "It's part yours, of course, because your bear found it," they said.

The miner grinned. "I hereby turn over my share to you and welcome," he told them. "Trust a bear to trail honey. Crony might have killed himself stuffing if you hadn't stopped him."

But when Billy and Joe presented their astonished mother with the best rocking chair in camp they gave most of the credit to the brown bear. "He's a mascot, sure enough," said Joe. "He followed his nose, and we followed him, and it ended in good luck for all of us."

A good old Friend

Remember the good old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma used to pin around your neck when you had a cold or a sore throat?

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TO ONE LONG ABSENT IN A FAR COUNTRY

By Myra Winn Danie's

Alas, the years, the lagging years!
Their breath is mist 'twixt you and me;
All in the mist I stay and toil
To keep the lives you left with me.

My soul is warped with winds of time
For these dear lives you left with me;
My hands are stained, my eyes are dimmed,
I may not seek eternity!

I may not hasten toward those stairs,
Remote and fair, you climbed alone,
Nor look too oft at those bright doors
That closed upon you years ago

Lest my heart falter and I fail
And beg release before my time.
(Ah me, the dust upon the way!
How may I keep me from its grime?)

Your soul so fair, so apt in growth,
Even in life's dim ways and crude,
To what clear height will have attained
In that celestial magnitude

When I am freed to follow you!
Love will be love, nor bid you stay.
Dear, if you miss me, then my feet,
Stumbling, shall overtake your way!

ONE APPLE

IN an orchard from which twelve thousand barrels of apples are shipped every year one individual apple does not seem worth thinking about. Yet in just such an orchard not long ago the foreman of the packing force made a determined search for one apple.

"We've got to find it!" he declared. "Come on now."

The men soon learned that the apple was in one of two barrels that had just been headed up. Into the first went a packer; he took out the first layer and the second and third and so on down through half the barrel before the desired apple appeared.

"See!" cried the foreman, turning the fruit bottom up. "Note that speck of rot? That's why I was so insistent."

One of the pickers had found the apple on the ground. It was a singularly large and well-shaped winesap, and it weighed half an ounce more than the biggest apple ever found in that orchard, but it was a windfall and was bruised.

"These barrels go into cold storage," explained the foreman. "They are for late winter and early spring trade and will bring high prices. That speck of rot would have spread on that apple and then would have infected others near by. The whole barrel of apples might have been ruined before the retailer could dispose of them."

So should we cope with bad habits. Run down that evil trait; its infection will spread. Summary treatment is the cure. That is the teaching not only of religion but of psychology. Go to the bottom of the barrel if necessary.

BISCUITS

THESE biscuits are certainly good, mother," said Hal Evarts, at home from college for his spring vacation.

"Mother's biscuits are always fine," his sister Clarice reminded him.

"That's right," added Mr. Evarts. "Mother is the champion when it comes to making biscuits."

Mrs. Evarts did not smile back at them as she usually smiled when they praised her cooking. "Biscuits!" she exclaimed with a bitterness that was wholly strange in her. "Biscuits! Always biscuits! Hal comes home from college, and the first thing he says is, 'Mother, please make some biscuits for breakfast.' Not a word about his college doings, although I was counting on hearing. Clare brings her musical friend home; I love music, and Clare knows it, but instead of hoping I would enjoy her friend she says, 'Won't you please make some of your lovely biscuits for lunch?' Your father telephones he is bringing Professor Mellon home for dinner. 'And won't you have some of your famous biscuits?' I think you had better put on my tombstone 'We miss her because she made good biscuits!'" She pushed back her chair and hurriedly left the room, leaving a startled and almost frightened family behind her.

"It isn't just the biscuits," Clarice said, and her eyes filled. "It's because it's been nothing but biscuits."

Her father nodded. "You've put your finger on the trouble. We're all guilty. We must find some way to make her understand that she is far more to us than just a biscuit-maker."

"Would it be all right for me to go up and tell her about college now?" Hal asked contritely.

"That would be as good a way as any to begin," said his father.

Hal's mother sat up and dried her eyes as he entered her room. "I'm ashamed of the way I exploded—like a spoiled child," she said apologetically.

"You should have exploded long ago," Hal replied. "We didn't mean to make you think you were only our biscuit-maker."

And he told her one jolly college happening after another until he had her laughing.

That afternoon Mr. Evarts telephoned. "Come downtown and let's have dinner together and then go to the opera," he said to his wife.

They had an enjoyable evening. Coming home late, Mrs. Evarts found a note from Clarice on her dresser. "I am going to get breakfast," it read. "You are to stay in bed until I call you."

So it went all the week. Clarice insisted on getting breakfast regularly. At first her mother enjoyed it, but after a few days she was aware that something was missing.

The morning before Hal was to go back Mrs. Evarts overheard him say to his father: "Guess I'll slip out with you and get something to eat. Clare's breakfasts are fluffy—"

"But not filling like mother's biscuits," finished his father.

The next morning Mrs. Evarts was in the kitchen when Clarice appeared. "Mother!" exclaimed the girl reproachfully.

"You're a dear," said her mother, laughing, "but you set the table, and I'll get breakfast. I don't want to forget how."

The family were assembled when she came into the dining room, carrying a plate of fluffy brown biscuits.

"Biscuits!" cried Hal.

"Biscuits!" echoed Mr. Evarts.

And "Oh, biscuits!" said Clarice.

Then they all looked guiltily at one another.

"Yes, biscuits," repeated Mrs. Evarts, laughing. "I have concluded that making good biscuits for a good family is a good job. Only—"

"I do get a bit tired of having it all biscuits."

"It's not going to be all biscuits after this!" they assured her tenderly but emphatically.

A PICTURESQUE HERDING

MANY curious old-world customs are associated with the Mennonites in North America. One of the most picturesque, which Miss Victoria Hayward describes in the Canadian Magazine, is the way the people of Osterwick, in Manitoba, herd their cattle.

The cows, says Miss Hayward, are assembled each morning at six o'clock by the blowing of a horn. The herder starts at one end of the village and, blowing his horn, goes down the whole length of the street. Then he turns round, and just as fast as the rats followed the Piper of Hamelin the cows come out of the various gates one after another. Of course before they come out milkmaids have been hard at work. Few cows are ever permitted to be late.

The herdsman is obliged to report to the head overseer of all the herd, a man who is elected for one year. He knows just how many cows each village has and pays the herdsman with grain and with part of the money that each owner pays a head for pasture.

At dusk the cows come home; there are two hundred and twenty-two of them in the village. Each Mennonite gate has its family group standing inside or sitting on the fence to watch the home-coming. It is never monotonous, for every night the question arises, How will the cows carry their tails? On that circumstance depends the weather for the next twenty-four hours. If the cows come with their tails straight out behind them, it will rain. If they come with their tails down, it will be fair. The manner of their going in the morning apparently doesn't matter.

MADemoISELLE AND HER PARACHUTE

A GIRL of rare courage, Mlle. Collin, who already had distinguished herself at parachute jumping, recently showed how a person equipped with the proper parachute could leave a speeding aeroplane with safety.

It is easy, says a writer in L'Illustration, to construct a light parachute that will enable a man to throw himself safely from a balloon or from a slow-moving aeroplane; but jumping from an aeroplane of great speed, such as a pursuit plane ought to be, is another matter. At the moment the parachute unfolds the pull causes such shocks as, according to engineers, are strong enough to break the bones of the passenger; moreover several times the pull has caused the parachute fabric to tear.

The parachute that Mlle. Collin used was extremely light and small. Leaving Villacoublay in an aeroplane piloted by Fronval, she waited until he had reached an altitude of more than a thousand feet and then threw herself into the air with her parachute

closed. Only when she was in full descent did she break the cord and thus allow the silk to unfold.

She regained her balance and came gently to the ground, oddly enough in the garden of the technical section of the army, where several members who had said she surely would be maimed or killed were anxiously watching her. Mlle. Collin is a graduate nurse and wears the ribbon of the Croix de Guerre with palm.

A PRIZE WINNER

THIS immense tree, a sycamore, which stands near Worthington, Indiana, has won the prize offered by the American Genetic Association for being the largest deciduous tree in the United States; that is, the largest tree that, unlike the evergreens, including the giant redwoods of California, sheds its leaves in winter. It is forty-six feet in circumference at the base and approximately one hundred and thirty feet high. At the height of about fifteen feet the trunk branches, and either branch is larger than any sycamore usually found in our woodlands.

A professor of botany at Indiana University has estimated it to be five hundred years old. If so, the tree must have been large when Columbus discovered America. The exact age, however, probably will never be learned, for a bad cavity reaches almost to the heart of the trunk.

Though efforts have been made to preserve the fine old monarch as a living relic for future generations, expert tree surgeons say that it is beyond repair. The cavity passes from one side to the other and is so large that by stooping a little a medium-sized man can walk through it. In time, probably during a storm, the age-old giant is sure to fall.

MESSY BUT VALUABLE

NOT long ago a child in the family with whom two girls, both teachers, had engaged board for their vacation contracted a contagious disease. In the circumstances they were received into a delightful old farmhouse on the outskirts of the village.

"No, I haven't ever taken boarders before," their new landlady explained, "and I shouldn't now only to oblige Cousin Maria Oldways, and because she's told me certain sure you ain't artists. Artists—well, you'll see. You understood you was to have the big attic room, and coming so sudden I shouldn't be able to do it over or fix it up any way particular? I told Maria to make sure you understood. We've only had the place two years, and Aunt Ruthena, who left it to us, had an artist to board once, and the things he did to that room are a caution! Scrabbling and dabbling all over the walls and spoiling the fire board too—I'd never have believed a grown man could be so messy. I scrubbed off all that would come off the walls with soap and water first thing; but they need painting over, and Josiah hasn't got around to it yet. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped."

It could not indeed. She had ruined most of the charming sketches that still clung broken and shadowy to the all-too-clean walls; only one lovely unscrubbed landscape, boldly brushed in on the fire board, remained, though it remained only till the teachers were ready to leave, when they bought it for the price of a new fire board and five dollars that their consciences compelled them to offer.

Such an incident must be rare indeed in these days of numerous country studios and artist colonies. Fifty or sixty years ago it would have been less astonishing. It is a little more than

seventy years since a parallel incident in England occurred to Sir John Millais. During a stay in the country, in the intervals of his work on his still famous picture the Huguenot Lovers, he amused himself, in conjunction with his friend Holman Hunt, by painting a picture on a cupboard door. Millais had previously asked their landlady's permission, which she had casually granted with the assurance that if she didn't like it she would scrub it out. But she believed the request was only made in a teasing spirit; she did not believe that he would paint anything on the door.

"The day had been a soaking wet one," wrote Millais' brother William. "None of us had gone out, and we were at our wits' ends what to do. Jack (Millais) at Hunt's suggestion thought it would be a good joke to paint on one of



The giant sycamore

"So when the painters came in from their work Mrs. B. came up cringing to my brother and said the only thing he could do was to paint the other door!"

"He didn't paint the other door. But Mrs. B. got the shawl."

ON A RUNAWAY PEACH TREE

OLD Uncle Phil Secrest, who lived in eastern Ohio almost a hundred years ago, was, writes a contributor, certainly a great hunter. At least he could tell a good hunting yarn. For example:

"It was along in the summer when peaches was gittin' ripe," said Uncle Phil on one occasion, "so I put a half dozen in my wamus pocket and started out to git a deer. You see we needed some meat, an' I knowed jist where a deer was like to be found. Well, I moseyed along for quite a piece, and then I stopped. I'd loaded my gun before startin', and somehow or other I let it off at somethin'—I don't mind what,—an' then I must load up ag'in. Well, blame me if I hadn't spilt out of my shot pouch every last bullet I had, and there I was with a empty gun. I stood there a bit and thought it over."

"Jist as I'd got ready to go back home for some bullets one of the biggest, finest buck elk I'd ever see showed himself. He had the biggest horns I'd ever see; they was full six feet across; and there I was an' didn't have a bullet to shoot at him! And then I thought of them peaches, and I took off the meat of one of them,—an' did it in a hurry,—and I rammed that peach stone into my gun for a bullet. I did it quick, I tell ye; an' there that big buck elk stood a-lookin' ahead of him not forty yards away."

"Well, I fired, an' I hit the old chap but didn't fetch him down. And he started, an' he ran—right through them woods where the trees was so close together a rabbit couldn't git through them—"

"But if the trees was so close together a rabbit couldn't git through," some one interrupted him, "how'd that there buck with his six-foot horns git through?"

"Oh," replied Uncle Phil promptly, "that wa'n't no consarn of mine; that was his own lookout!"

"Well, that big elk got away, and I had to go home without nothin'. Three years later I started out to hunt in them there same woods; it was peach time too, an' when I got into the woods what should I see but a fine peach tree jist loaded with ripe peaches! I set my gun agin a oak an' clim that tree to git some peaches. 'An' then what happened? That there tree jist got up and started on the run right through the woods. I wouldn't have believed it could have done it, but then, you see, I'd fired that peach stone into that big elk, an' it'd sprouted and grewed an' made that tree and them peaches for me to eat. And now that old buck was jist a takin' me an' that tree an' them peaches and tearin' along like sin!"

"What do ye think I done about it? I was safe enough if the old feller didn't play me a trick and knock me agin a tree an' bust my head open. So I jist watched my chance and then dropped. But that buck was goin' so fast I took two or three summersets when I struck the ground. And then I had to go way back, and I had a time tryin' to find that oak where I left my gun,—an' the buck got clear away, an' I never seed him no more."

SOME ILLUSTRIOUS WEIGHTS

IN an old London inn known as the Sign of the Coffee Mill Mr. E. V. Lucas found a pair of scales on which during a century and a half many notable men were weighed. Ever since the year 1765 records of illustrious and also of regal ponderosity have been kept at the place, which is in St. James Street. If you want to know how much Charles Lamb weighed in 1814, writes Mr. Lucas in the Romance of Old London, I can tell you that when he was thirty-nine years old he turned the scale in his

Daring Mlle. Collin



boots at one hundred and twenty-nine pounds, much more than I was expecting. But his boots may have been heavy.

I discovered that Lord Byron, who we know was sensitive about his bulk, was weighed many times, first in 1806, when he was living at No. 8, only five doors away; then he weighed one hundred and ninety-four pounds in his boots. The realization must have distressed exceedingly one who lived in fear of *embonpoint* even to the extreme of drinking vinegar and generally mortifying the flesh. In 1811 in shoes only—he had got his weight down to one hundred and thirty-seven and a half pounds. Tom Moore seems similarly to have decreased, for in 1807 he was one hundred and forty-six pounds and in 1809 one hundred and twenty-five.

Another famous man, one who also could have had no wish to lose his figure and who will go down in history as much for his insolent question as to the identity of the Prince Regent—"Who's your fat friend?"—as for his fastidiousness in ties, was Beau Brummell. In 1798 Brummell stood at one hundred and seventy-two pounds in boots, in 1811 at one hundred and ninety-two pounds in boots and frock, and in 1815 at one hundred and seventy-eight pounds in shoes. In 1816 the Beau had to fly from the creditors to Calais. None the less there is still one more entry, in 1822, suggesting that he was able to visit the scenes of his old triumphs again; and then he was one hundred and fifty-three pounds in boots.

As for the "fat friend," later George IV, he evidently earned the epithet. In 1791 he weighed two hundred and forty-two pounds in boots, in 1798 two hundred and twenty-four pounds "after gout," in 1800 two hundred and forty-seven pounds in hat and boots, and later that year two hundred and twenty-nine pounds "after gout." In 1803 "with gout" he weighed two hundred and eighteen pounds.

The figures help us to picture those solid men of a century ago. We can see them trotting or mincing or promenading with an air, small and large, down the sunny side of St. James Street to weigh themselves before dinner.

FISHING FOR SKUNKS

THE odor of skunk, writes a contributor, brings to my mind a certain laughable picture even after twenty years. It was a frosty October night; father and John, the hired man, had been putting potatoes into the cellar that day, dumping them through the window into a wooden shoot down which they slid into the big bin. Father had neglected to put the window back into place.

About two o'clock in the morning I heard a knock on the door of the room adjoining the one where we three youngsters were sleeping. Then I heard my father's voice: "John! John! Get up. We're going fishing!"

The bed springs creaked. "All right," came the muffled reply, and then the thump of feet on the floor. By that time John was awake. "Did you say fishin'?" he called.

"Yes," replied father. "Fishing—in the cellar." I heard him chuckle.

That was enough for us three youngsters. We hopped out of bed, lit the lamp and started down the stairs before John even thought of appearing. Then we began to sniff. "Smells like skunk!" one of us remarked, and the two others agreed, "Yes, it does smell like skunk!"

"It is skunk!" said father. "Three of them in the cellar!"

"But you said you were going fishing, father!" my brother protested.

"Wait and see."

John came down sniffing.

"Come with me, John," said father. "We have uninvited guests in the cellar."

He opened the cellar door. My! The air seemed thick with skunk odor! The two men went below with lanterns. We three went down just far enough to see.

"Here they are in this corner," said father. I noticed that John hung back. "Put that plank up into the opening; they don't seem to like the potato shoot."

Father and John tried their best to make those skunks go up the long plank, but the skunks seemed to want to go everywhere else. Finally they took refuge under the potato bin.

"I thought we'd have to come to it," said father. "The only thing I can see to do is to fasten a large hook on a long bamboo pole and fish 'em out."

John looked longingly toward the stairs.

When they had the pole rigged the fun began in earnest. There was only a space of six inches between the bottom of the bin and the dirt floor, and the light of the lanterns hardly reached the quarry. Whenever a skunk was pricked by the hook it snarled, and the odor became stronger.

Suddenly there was an angry clawing and snarling under the bin, and while John issued incoherent orders to father a fighting ball of black and white went hurtling through the window into the darkness.

"Whew!" said father, blinking. "Two more!"

Finally they cleared the cellar of skunks, but the odor remained. I remember seeing father's "fishing" clothes in the wagon shed for many days thereafter. Our apples tasted of skunk; our vegetables tasted of skunk; our potatoes—oh, my! Our clothes smelled of skunk, and we dreamed of skunk. Mother said she was afraid we might all turn into skunks! But there

was one consolation; our kindly neighbor Aunt Sarah remarked gently: "Well, they say skunk odor keeps colds away."

SOOT AND FLAME

STAGE illusion is a spell easily shattered. There is nothing that performers in opera or drama dread more than to be made ridiculous. Mr. Walter Damrosch in his recent interesting reminiscences, *My Musical Life*, narrates two narrow escapes from catastrophe.

Both befell Brunhilde, the flame-guarded heroine of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*. In Pittsburgh, where the part was to be sung by Lilli Lehmann, it chanced that while Mr. Damrosch was enjoying a quiet dinner just before the performance the wardrobe mistress of the company implored him over the telephone to come at once to the opera house, for something dreadful had happened! With his heart in his mouth he hurried to Madame Lehmann's dressing room.

"I knocked at her door and heard a tragic and hollow voice say 'Come in,' and as I opened the door a sight indeed terrible met my astonished gaze. There stood Lilli Lehmann in her white Brunhilde garb, but covered from head to foot with soot, so black that she seemed more fit for a minstrel show than for a Wagner music drama. Her face was covered with black streaks, especially where her tears had made long furrows down her cheeks. Gradually between hysterical bursts of tears I learned that according to her custom Lilli had gone to the theatre long before the performance and had dressed herself without looking into the glass until at the last moment to prepare her makeup. She had then discovered the terrible condition of her face and costume.

"It seemed that the janitor had given the heater in the cellar a special raking, which had sent great quantities of Pittsburgh soft-coal soot flying through the registers; it settled like a pall on everything within reach. Lilli vowed that it was impossible for her to sing that night, and I was in despair."

Much experience with temperamental stars had, however, taught Mr. Damrosch diplomacy. He suddenly turned upon the innocent mistress of the wardrobe, rated her violently for allowing such a thing to happen to an artist under her charge and ended by discharging her on the spot. The diversion was effectual. Madame Lehmann rallied gallantly to the defense of the bewildered victim. The seemingly irate manager allowed himself to be gradually placated and convinced that the damage was not irreparable and "at the psychological moment gently left the dressing room, giving Frau Engelhardt a glance that she understood."

If one Brunhilde suffered from soot, another came perilously near suffering from flames—real flames. She was Madame Materna, and the incident happened during a performance in Boston.

While conducting the beautiful monotony of the last chords of the *Fire Chorus*, writes Mr. Damrosch, I noticed that the grass mats just below Brunhilde's couch had caught fire, and that just as the curtain was descending slowly on the last bars a Boston fireman with helmet on his head and bucket in his hand quietly came out from the wings and poured a liberal dose of water on the flames. The thing happened so quickly that there was no panic. The people went mad with enthusiasm, and Materna and I had to bow our farewells many, many times. Just after one of these recalls I noticed the little fireman standing in the wings and heard him saying, "Be jabbers, I ought to come out too!"

"So you should," I said, and with that I took him by one hand and Materna by the other, and thus we dragged him before the footlights, where with true Hibernian sense of humor he bowed right and left with a delighted grin on his face.

TOO FAST FOR THE PROFESSOR

OLD Professor "Emmy" was one of the most absent-minded men who ever lived. One day he went to New York to an important meeting. The train was late, and when he came out of the old Grand Union station he popped into a cab and called to the caddy, "Drive fast!"

Off they went at a gallop, with the cab swaying from side to side and the professor bouncing about and occasionally striking his head on the top.

Finally after a particularly vicious bump he glanced at his watch, looked perplexedly into the unfamiliar street and then, sticking his head out of the window, cried, "Hey, where are you going?"

"I don't know," the caddy yelled back, "but I sure am drivin' fast!"

NOT TO BE FOOLED

THE villagers were listening to a band, and they seemed to understand every instrument except the trombone. They decided to fetch the oldest villager and ask him his opinion about it.

The old man stood watching the player for a while and then exclaimed: "Take no notice of him. There's a trick in it; he bain't really swalling it!"



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A STENOGRAPHIC INTERLUDE *By L. Shelton Stewart*



MISS PERKINS had always regarded Mr. Sanderson as her ideal of an employer. He was generous and considerate, lucid in dictation and clear and concise in giving directions.

On his side Mr. Sanderson had always regarded Miss Perkins, as a perfect private secretary. After six years of her service he boasted that he had never needed to repeat a direction to her, and that her correct spelling of the many South American and Central American names that he used in his business was marvelous.

So you see there was no lack of good will to account for their sudden misunderstanding, which came like a shot from an empty gun, a bark from a dead dog. Each had slept well the night before; each had had a suitable breakfast. So neither fatigue nor indigestion was at the bottom of the mystery. The winter morning was as lovely and refreshing as nature could conjure up; they felt no languor. Therefore the weather could not be held responsible. And indeed, as we have never found any explanation for the episode, we can only relate the harrowing circumstances just as they occurred.

After looking over his mail Mr. Sanderson rang for Miss Perkins to come and take the dictation of those letters which demanded his personal attention. That had been their regular routine for hundreds of mornings. He dictated letters addressed to people in Vera Cruz, Mexico; Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana; Guayaquil, Ecuador; Biobio, Chile, and in several other South American or Central American places with names long or short. He would spell those which he deemed difficult, saying for example: "Address La Salle Frères, G-u-a-y-a-q-u-i-l, Ecuador."

When he had finished that morning Miss Perkins retired. Later in the day she brought the letters in for his signature, waiting modestly and attentively for any directions or suggestions concerning the business in hand. Mr. Sanderson ranged through the letters, signing his name with a grunt of approval after each perfect sheet. Suddenly he stopped. He looked shocked. "Miss Perkins," he said solemnly, "you have marred your perfect record. You have spelled a name incorrectly!" His expression seemed to indicate that he regarded the error almost as a personal affront.

Miss Perkins looked astonished, then doubtful. She thought Mr. Sanderson was mistaken. "I thought I spelled every name just as you said," she defended herself and then asked, "Which name did I spell incorrectly?"

"Biobio," he replied.

"Dear me! How did I spell it?" she asked.

"B-o-b-o," Mr. Sanderson replied.

Miss Perkins opened her eyes wide with astonishment. "That's what I thought you said!"

"No," said Mr. Sanderson with dignity, "I said 'Biobio!'"

"That's the way I wrote it," Miss Perkins insisted.

"No," said Mr. Sanderson, eying her sternly, "you wrote it B-o-b-o."

"Of course I did. That's what you said, 'B-o-b-o.'"

"I did not," said Mr. Sanderson. "I said 'Biobio.'"

Miss Perkins was alarmed, but, as Mr. Sanderson had never before shown any traces of dementia, she resolved not to fly. She would remain and put up a determined fight.

"You said 'B-o-b-o,' and that's the way I wrote it, B-o-b-o," she said.

"I said 'Biobio,' and you wrote it 'B-o-b-o,' and anybody knows that doesn't spell Biobio. I should think you could spell that simple word." Mr. Sanderson was becoming impatient.

"I could spell it another way," Miss Perkins said.

"How? I'd like to know," Mr. Sanderson said quickly.

"B-e-a-u-b-e-a-u," replied Miss Perkins instantly.

"That would spell beau-beau," Mr. Sanderson said triumphantly.



"Well, that is what I was trying to spell." "You just said you were spelling Biobio," Mr. Sanderson caught her up quickly.

"Of course I did," replied Miss Perkins. "I have said all the time that I was spelling B-o-b-o."

"But you just said you weren't," interrupted Mr. Sanderson. "You said you were spelling beau-beau, bobo."

"Of course I was spelling Bobo! I've said that every time, b-o-b-o or b-e-a-u-b-e-a-u."

Mr. Sanderson was truly alarmed. It was perfectly evident to him that Miss Perkins was losing her very efficient mind. He made one last effort to rally her tottering reason: "Miss Perkins, you began by telling me you were spelling Biobio, and now you tell me you are spelling Bobo? How do you reconcile those two statements?"

Miss Perkins was now fully convinced that Mr. Sanderson's mind was totally gone; it was so sad, a fearful thing in winter, but she would deal with him gently for fear of rousing in him a homicidal mania.

"Of course it may seem odd to you, Mr. Sanderson, that B-o-b-o should be the name of a town. I thought so too when you dictated it. I thought Bobo an awfully funny name."

"But it isn't Bobo; it's Biobio," urged Mr. Sanderson, trying to restore Miss Perkins to reason.

"Yes, yes, I know," said Miss Perkins soothingly.

"What do you know?" Mr. Sanderson asked sharply with what seemed to Miss Perkins a maniacal glare.

"That b-o-b-o spells Bobo," she replied gently.

"But I don't want Bobo spelled. I want Biobio," he cried in despair.

"I did spell it, 'B-o-b-o,'" said Miss Perkins still gently.

"But you just said you spelled Bobo," he insisted.

Miss Perkins had a last hope.

"Mr. Sanderson," she said, "will you write that name just as you want me to write it?" she asked.

"Certainly," said Mr. Sanderson firmly.

He took his fountain pen out of his pocket, unscrewed it deliberately and then, drawing a pad toward him, wrote in large letters: "B-I-O-B-I-O."

"Oh!" said Miss Perkins, "I thought all the time you were saying 'B-o-b-o.'"

"I was," Mr. Sanderson declared. "I said Biobio every time."

"I thought you were saying 'B-o-b-o,'" Miss Perkins repeated.

"I was. I never said anything but 'Biobio,'" Mr. Sanderson maintained.

"I am beginning to understand," Miss Perkins started to explain.

"Well, I hope so," said Mr. Sanderson, not understanding in the least himself.

"We both said the same thing, but we didn't mean the same thing," Miss Perkins elucidated.

"Oh! Didn't we?" asked Mr. Sanderson.

"I meant Biobio. What did you mean?"

"I meant 'B-o-b-o.' You were pronouncing it, and I was spelling it. When you dictated Biobio I thought you were spelling the name instead of pronouncing it." And underneath Mr. Sanderson's B-I-O-B-I-O she wrote B-O-B-O.

Mr. Sanderson grasped the idea, but—

Ever since that fatal hour life has not been the same either for Mr. Sanderson or for Miss Perkins. For each knows that the other once suspected his sanity, and that is something no human being can forgive.

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STAMPS TO STICK

If the young collector has only a small amount of money to spend, beginning and building up a collection of postage stamps is a task that requires forethought and judgment. For the boy or girl of limited means there are right ways and wrong ways to begin. A collection can be made economically if it is done in the right way.

An album of small size will meet all the requirements of the new collector. It will contain spaces for perhaps four thousand varieties of the commoner stamps and can be had of publishers of standard albums for about sixty cents. It will contain illustrations that serve to guide the newcomer and to simplify the interesting work of getting the right stamps into the right places. In buying such an album you should see that the illustrations are defaced, for a national law enacted about a year ago requires that illustrations of stamps be defaced, and it is not legal to have an album in which they are not defaced unless it was printed before March, 1923, when the law went into effect. The usual method of defacing the stamps is to run a groove across the cut from which they are printed, so that the illustration shows a white line somewhere across the face of it.

After the collector has bought his album the next step he should take is to buy the largest "variety packet" that he can afford. Such packets cost from twenty-five cents up and contain stamps no two of which are alike. The wrong way for the beginner to start a collection is to buy from approval sheets. The reason that the "variety packet" is preferable is this: When a dealer puts stamps on an approval sheet he uses the labor and time of clerks, and that costs money. Thus when a collector buys a stamp from an approval sheet he has to pay, first, for the stamp itself; second, the dealer's legitimate profit; third, for the labor and time of the person who placed the stamp on the sheet.

Fifty different stamps of the various British colonies when placed on an approval sheet may cost two cents apiece, or a dollar for the lot. The same fifty stamps can be bought in a "variety packet" form for ten cents, for the dealer has not had to keep each variety in a separate envelope or to pay for a clerk's time in transferring each variety from its special envelope to an approval sheet.

Suppose the collector buys a three-dollar or four-dollar packet containing one thousand varieties. When he has transferred them to his album he may find that he has a great many French or British or German stamps and perhaps only two or three Persian stamps. How shall he get more Persian stamps? The time is not yet ripe for him to buy them from approval sheets, but he can get them in a specialized packet of Persian stamps. A complete set of the stamps of certain years can be had for ten cents and upward. One by one he can buy the various Persian sets and also specialized sets of the stamps of other countries.

Often the lower denominations of certain sets can be had for ten or fifteen cents. As the collection grows, the collector eventually finds that he has acquired the lower denominations of many scores of sets of many countries, but that there are still blank spaces in his album for the higher denominations. Only when he has reached that stage of collecting should he begin to buy from approval sheets, for as a rule the higher denominations are not found in variety packets.

THE French government will issue stamps to commemorate the holding of the Olympic Games in Paris this year. The subject of the lowest value, 10 centimes, green, will be "Welcome to Paris." The design will contain an inset showing a view of the French Olympic Stadium with the Arc de Triomphe in the foreground. The 25-centime value, blue and red, will symbolize the "Spirit of Paris" proffering a statuette of victory, and the design will include views of the towers of Notre Dame and of the bridges in Paris. The design on the 30-centime, brick-red, will represent the "Victorious Athlete." The 50-centime, blue, will show a view of the arena at Nîmes.

A CAREFUL summary of the emergency stamps of Germany, issued because of the constantly-depreciating value of the old paper mark, shows that seventy-six varieties are now available to collectors. In value they run as high as fifty billion marks. They are no longer in use, of course, for, as The Companion recently explained, when the gold mark was introduced into the currency of Germany the postal authorities began to issue stamps in denominations of renten-pennings, in which one

hundred renten-pennings are equal to one of the new gold marks.

The very highest values of the emergency issues are unparalleled in the history of stamp collecting, although actually of course each of them represents only an infinitesimal part of one American cent. The various printings form a fascinating field of study for the collector, and most of them can be bought for a small price, although it is known that a few of the provisionals were printed only in small quantities and in time will be hard to get at low prices.

The first of the emergency provisionals, 8000 marks on an earlier 30-pennig stamp, green, appeared in August, 1923; although before that there were definitives running up as high as 3000 marks—as compared with a 5-mark stamp, which was the highest denomination before 1919.

A study of the emergency provisionals—that is, the stamps with new values indicated by means of surcharging—shows that the overprinting was done in different cities, among them Leipzig, Stettin, Erfurt, Breslau, Munich and Stuttgart, by private contractors working under authority of the German government. Thus many of the provisionals were on sale in those places only and were never obtainable at the post offices in Berlin. The character of the numerals in the overprintings or the different kinds of printers' rules in the margins serve to distinguish the various local surcharges, and some of the stamps were rouletted instead of being perforated. Moreover, flat presses were used to print some of the stamps and rotary presses to print others.

The highest value, 50,000,000,000 marks, dark blue and light blue, appeared on November 27, 1923, by which time the postal rates had further increased so amazingly that the purchaser had to pay four times the face value, or 200,000,000,000 paper marks, for a single stamp. Then came the renten-pennig series, and for the present at least it seems as if Germany's issues of stamps had been stabilized. The first of the renten-pennig stamps to appear were 3 pennings, brown; 5 pennings, dark green; 10 pennings, carmine; 20 pennings, deep ultramarine; 50 pennings, orange; and 100 pennings, violet.

Meanwhile many of the emergency provisionals have been surcharged "Dienstmarke," which means that the stamps are for official use. Scores of other varieties were thus produced.

THE Italian government announces that, in order to raise money with which to publish a popular edition of the works of Alessandro Manzoni, noted Italian novelist, it will issue commemorative stamps. The designs for the four of lowest value—10 centesimi, 15 centesimi, 30 centesimi and 50 centesimi—will depict scenes from Manzoni's famous historical novel, The Betrothed. On the 1-lira denomination will appear the house in Milan in which Manzoni was born. On the 5-lira value will appear a portrait of the novelist. Each stamp will be in two colors yet to be announced. Thirty-six thousand sets will be printed for use in Italy, and of course for sale to collectors throughout the world. Another fourteen thousand sets will be printed for the different Italian colonies, surcharged to indicate the colony in which they are to be used.

CHANGES in postal rates are producing further new values in the Portuguese colonies of Angola, Cape Verde, Guinea, Mozambique and St. Thomas. The newly-introduced denominations are 20 centavos, 24 centavos and 25 centavos, and 5 escudos, 10 escudos and 20 escudos. (One hundred centavos equal one escudo.) The changes in rates mean that five of the centavo values—1, 2, 4, 7 and 7½—are to be withdrawn because they are no longer needed.

SYRIA, over which France holds mandatory power as a result of the Great War, has been divided into two sections, Syria and Lebanon, and each section has recently been admitted under its own name into the Universal Postal Union. That of course means a series of definitive stamps for each section. The present provisionals of Syria and Lebanon—French stamps surcharged—are giving way to new provisionals, which also are French stamps overprinted but with overprintings of a new character because of the entry of the two sections into the Universal Postal Union. The new provisionals are for use until the distinctive sets are distributed. The values, colors and designs of the new stamp have not yet been announced.

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THE RISE OF THE RICE *By Louis Felix Ranlett*

"If you show that you can do this job right, Wellson, you may hold it; but the emphasis is on the 'right.' Most of the fellows I have had in here for night watchmen, whether they're old chaps like myself or young chaps like you, didn't make their rounds regularly. Although it's a small warehouse, it holds a lot of valuable goods. People ship all sorts of stuff by our boats and let it lie here a long time. Don't go to sleep on your job, and don't fail to turn your key in the indicator at the right time. About two misses in the season is all I'll stand for. If you get more than that, I'll start advertising again, or call up your college employment bureau for another man. We want all of the goods watched regularly, not some of 'em all the time and some of 'em none of the time. Spread yourself round through all the rooms on this schedule."

So saying, Mr. Emery, superintendent of the freight warehouse of the Ramsgate Terminal of the O. & O. River Transport Company, handed Frank Wellson the sheet of typewritten instructions for the night watchman.

Frank took it and read: "Begin rounds at door A at the north end of the building, ground floor. Ring indicator at this point at six o'clock when you go on duty. Examine superintendent's office on right. Pass along aisle by west wall, cross south end and go down by trapdoor into basement. Make circuit of basement area through passageways close to the walls, return by ladder and pass down east passage on main floor. Occupy one half hour on this circuit and ring indicator at door A at 6:30."

Frank glanced through the rest of the instructions and found them clear and simple. There were only two indicators, one of which he had to ring when he went on duty and on the half-hours thereafter; the other, which was on the third floor at the south end, he must ring on the hours.

That night he arrived at the warehouse a trifle early, just before the day shift of freight handlers went off duty. He cleaned his lantern carefully and saw that it was well filled, so that he should not have to take time out later to replenish it. At five minutes of six the men began to stream out.

"Don't let any of that stuff run away, bud-

die," one of the freight handlers warned him. "And don't eat any of the corned willy in there without openin' the cans."

"If any steamer happens to get here while we're away, just unload it for us, will ye?" another requested.

"You bet on me," said Frank, turning his key in the indicator as the whistle blew and locking the door behind the last of the hurrying men.

The directions were easy to follow, and he proceeded leisurely on his rounds so as to spend the right amount of time on each floor. The only place where he had any trouble was at the trapdoor that led into the basement. The door was a ponderous square section of the flooring, hinged on one edge and furnished with a ring handle on the other; and it was so heavy that Frank needed all his strength to lift it. There was a notched stick at hand, which the watchman used to prop up the door while he was making his rounds below. A vertical ladder fastened to the side of the aperture was the only means of descent.

At quarter past twelve Frank lifted the heavy door, braced it and climbed down the ladder, with his lantern dangling from his belt and casting strange shadows in the gloom. Just as he was examining the bolts on the bulkhead near the top of the long incline at the river end of the cellar he heard a loud bang from the direction of the trapdoor.

"The stick has fallen out," he thought as he hurried back. "It will be a nice job raising that thing from this side, and standing on a ladder, too!"

Just as he had guessed, the stick had slipped and the door had fallen to. He climbed the ladder and exerted his utmost strength to move it, but it did not budge. He guessed that the stick had become wedged in the crack between the door and the floor, for the mere weight of the door, great as it was, could not have sealed the opening so tight. He hammered on it with a heavy block of wood, but without result.

All too soon his watch showed him that it was half past twelve o'clock. He had missed one point in his schedule, and on the first night! Mr. Emery had said that about two misses would result in his being discharged, and that was something he could not afford to have happen. The job was to provide him with money for a large part of his expenses during his last year at college; it was now too late in the summer to hunt for another place. He would have to get out of the cellar before one o'clock.

He knew that the bulkhead at the other end of the cellar was locked just as firmly on the outside as it was on the inside. There were no windows. Shafts to the floor above, so small that a man could not possibly crawl through them, provided ventilation. Clearly the trapdoor was his only means of escape.

He attacked it again, using as a ram a heavy iron tube that he took from the top of a pile of stored pipe. But it served no better than the block of wood, and so he set out on a tour in search of some new tool. At the far end of the room he came upon a pile of bags of rice, and it gave him an idea. Rice expands when it is wet. He had heard of a ship that had sunk when her cargo of rice, becoming wet from a leak, had

swelled and opened her seams. If rice had the expansive power to open the seams of a ship, it would surely have the power to raise the trapdoor for him—if he could find a way to utilize it.

Frank was thoughtful for a few moments. There was a water faucet in the basement. He took two of the wooden plugs, each about twelve inches long, that were fitted into the ends of the lengths of iron pipe to protect them from dampness, and put one into either end of the pipe that he had used as a ram. When he stood the pipe on end on the floor the projecting plugs made it just too long to fit vertically between the floor and the under side of the trapdoor; so he drove in the bottom plug until the length was right.

Then, lowering the pipe, he dragged a sack of rice over near the door and to avoid delay, for every moment was precious to him in his race to beat the clock, slit it open with his knife, pulled out the loose plug at the top of the pipe and, dumping great handfuls of rice into the open end, filled it nearly level. With a bucket and a drinking dipper that he found near the faucet he poured water upon the rice in the pipe and shook it until all the air was expelled from between the grains, and until the entire eight and one half feet of pipe, except for the wooden plugs, was filled with water and tightly packed rice. He replaced the plug; then he forced the improvised ram into an upright position, with the upper plug wedged against the door.

"Guess that will blow it out in a jiffy, if it swells fast enough," he thought as he climbed up the ladder to watch the effect. He put a pencil mark on the plug just where it entered the pipe; then he glanced at his watch. It was forty-five minutes past twelve o'clock. He had worked fast, but the rice would have to work fast too or he would not be able to put his key into that indicator on the third floor.

The minute hand moved slowly while Frank closely watched his mark on the plug. In three minutes it had risen a quarter of an inch. In five the quarter had become a half. Half an inch certainly ought to budge that door. A minute more went by and then a groaning and creaking seized the timbers above his head. At fifty-two minutes past twelve a sharp snap announced that the door had sprung. Frank heaved against it with his shoulders, and it gave upward.

The stick, which, as he had guessed, had become wedged between the door and the floor, clattered down the ladder as the door moved. He leaned the pipe against the ladder so that it would not fall and, wedging a block of wood into the opening, forced a space wide enough to allow him to crawl out.

The next morning the indicator at door A showed that the new watchman had been twenty-three minutes late on his twelve-thirty round; but the indicator at box B on the third floor showed him on time at one o'clock.

When Frank told Mr. Emery the reason for the destruction of the sack of rice the superintendent informed him that he could pay for the damage he had done. To himself the superintendent said, "He's certainly better than most of 'em. He really understands his instructions. I guess we'll keep him on."

SHE HATED WRITING NOTES

"YOU'RE the very person I want most to see, Tensie! You were more enthusiastic about Mrs. Meredith than anyone, and you'll help me gloat!"

Hortensia Lane tossed her hat aside and laughed. "I certainly will, Sue. It's been the most successful parlor course this town has ever known, and everyone agrees that Mrs. Meredith was the best speaker. She was all and more than our fancy painted, and it painted something pretty brilliant with her reputation and her price! Our committee would have had to flee the place if she had been a failure. But she scored a triumph, and I don't wonder you're gloating over your luck that it was your turn to be hostess. The whole thing went off beautifully. Everyone says so. No wonder you gloat!"

"I do, and I did," agreed Sue, "but that isn't exactly the gloat I meant. This is a new one or an unexpected postscript to the old one. You'd never guess, but I've had a letter from her! The nicest, friendliest, jolliest letter! It's a

perfectly splendid autograph, and I've had two people already begging it for their collections, and Mrs. Haddicomb wants it for the book table at the bazaar; but nobody's going to get it away from your little Susan—no, indeed they're not! I've Mrs. Meredith's latest book, you know, and I'm going to mount her letter on the flyleaf; it will make it as good as an autographed copy, and better, and what a treasure for my little library. Isn't it a perfectly delightful surprise?"

"Delightful, but not so surprising," remarked Hortensia. "When an absent-minded, though distinguished, individual leaves behind her two galoshes, three sheets of manuscript and one hatpin—as I understand Mrs. Meredith did—there seems to be a natural opening for correspondence. When you sent them back you couldn't very well avoid saying a few nice things about her lecture and perhaps about what you'd always thought of her and what her talk meant to some of the rest of us, and so forth and so forth; and I dare say you said it very prettily. So naturally she—"

Sue's face took on a curious expression. "But, Tensie, I didn't!" she admitted. "I didn't write at all. I just packed them all up in an old shoe box and sent them along. I registered the parcel because of the lapis-lazuli hatpin, so of course I could be sure she'd get it, and—Well, I hate writing notes, and it just never occurred to me to do it. It didn't seem necessary."

"Perhaps it wasn't," said Hortensia hesitantly, "but it was a good chance to say some things Mrs. Meredith might like to hear, even if she's rather used to them, wasn't it? And as she'd have to write to you anyhow to acknowledge her possessions and thank you for them—"

"But I didn't suppose she would," said Sue. "She'd know I knew she got them all right." "Everyone doesn't shy at a harmless, necessary pen as you do, barbarian!" said Hortensia. "She had to write. But you didn't deserve more than a grudgingly formal 'thank you,' and it was nice of her to make it human and characteristic, especially as she must be a busy person with a large correspondence."

"I believe after all you're trying your worst to spoil my lovely gloat," protested Sue. "But I shan't let you. If a lady who was only expected to enlighten the club on literature has enlightened one of its members on manners too, so much the better! And I'm sufficiently magnanimous to let you read her letter, Tensie, even though I don't deserve it."

A MAN NO ONE COULD LIFT

A NEW trick recently caused considerable excitement in Paris. Johnny Coulon, an American and former bantam-weight champion boxer, challenged the strongest man of France to lift him. His one condition, according to newspaper dispatches, was that his opponent should face him and grasp him at his sides between his ribs and his hips. Before the word was given Coulon would rub the neck of his opponent slightly just below the point of the left jaw and, letting one or two fingers rest there, would lightly place two fingers of his left hand on the other's right wrist. And his opponent could not lift him!

At first people were amazed, especially when it was said that a magic current, generated by the position of Coulon's hands, held the little man fixed to the ground. But after a while the trick was shown to be very simple indeed.

It was the position that the big man was obliged to take that made it impossible for him to lift the bantam weight. By placing his fingers under his opponent's jaw, Coulon kept him at such a distance that he could not get sufficient purchase to lift even a much lighter weight, for when he began to lift, the centre of gravity was in front of his toes, and he overbalanced. Like the man in the familiar old trick who, bending over a chair with his head against the wall, tries to lift the chair and in the same movement to stand erect, the big Frenchman was handicapped; he was on the short end of the lever.

LABOR'S HIGH-CLASS CLUB

THE workmen of Havana, says a writer in Travel, have achieved a position for themselves. Probably in no other part of the world has the laboring man such a club as exists in the opera house building in Havana. The subscription is high,—it is two dollars a month,—but so are wages, and every chauffeur, cigar maker and domestic servant seems to belong to it.

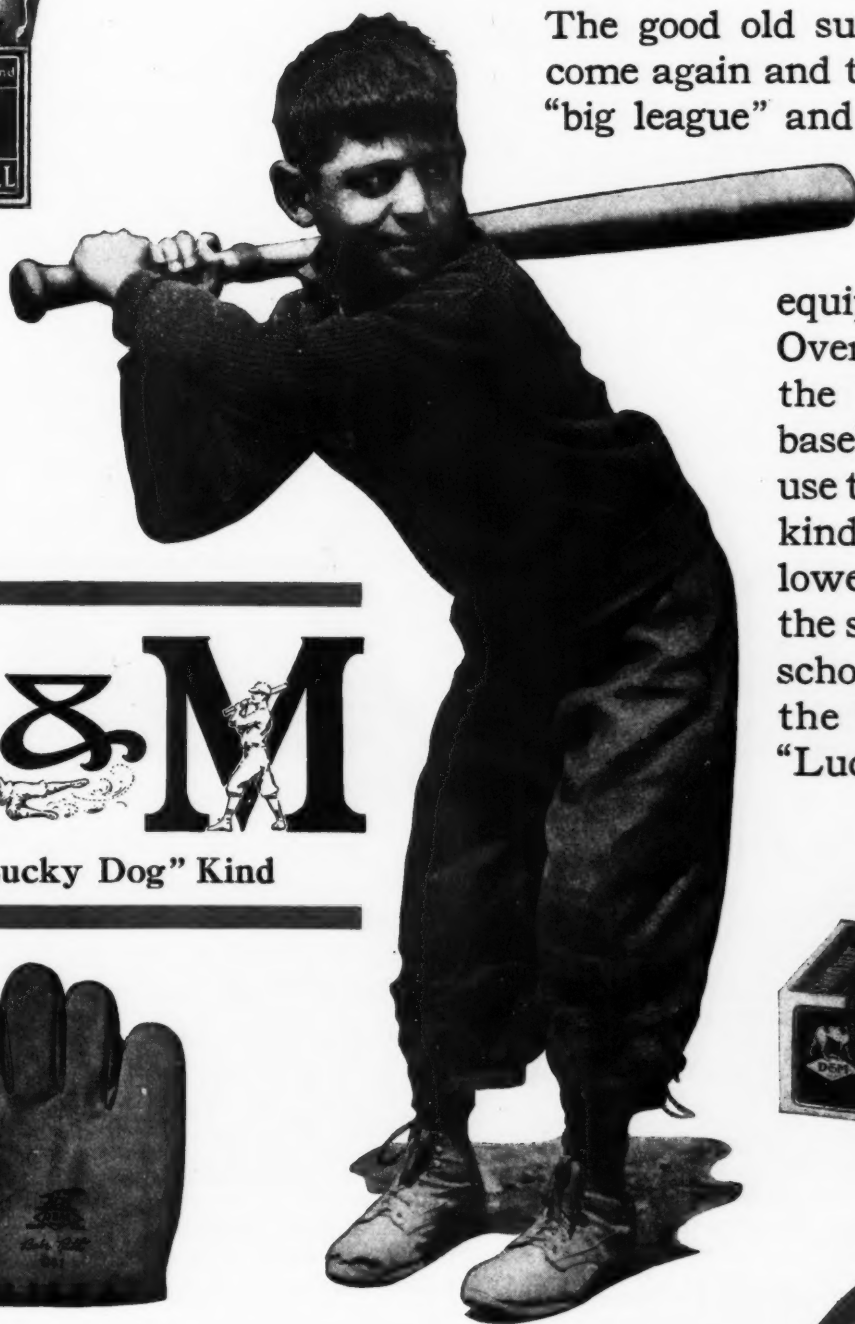
The rooms are of marble decorated with paintings by famous artists. There is a school; there is free medical attendance; and there are benefits at death. The workmen themselves own and manage the building.

In the cigar factories the larger rooms are furnished with a high rostrum from which during working hours readers, paid by the workmen, declaim political articles from the daily newspapers or poetry or fiction. On one of my visits the reader was dealing with high politics at the top of his voice. What he had to say was not flattering to the other side, as I judged from the stamping of his feet and the sawing and clenching of his disengaged hand. But you could not judge from the impassive faces of his employers as they rolled their cigars whether they agreed with the newspaper or not. At any rate they must have felt that they were getting their money's worth from the reader.



He forced the improvised ram into an upright position

"STRIKE ONE!"



The good old summer time has come again and the heroes of the "big league" and the leaders on the sand lot are beginning to get their equipment together. Over four hundred of the biggest men in baseball indorse and use the "Lucky Dog" kind, and their followers, the boys of the sand lot and the school teams are also the friends of the "Lucky Dog."



The "Lucky Dog" Kind



There is a catalogue printed for every boy who wants it. All we need is the name and address. Send it in and get a complete catalogue on the spring line comprising everything for baseball, tennis and summer sports. Once your name is on our list, you will get a fall catalogue, too, with the rule books for all major sports.

THE DRAPER-MAYNARD COMPANY

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Don't buy any Sporting Goods that do not bear this famous "Lucky Dog" Trade Mark

TEN YEARS' PROGRESS

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

1914

SPECIFICATIONS

Horsepower, S. A. E.	- - -	21.7
Weight	- - -	2500 lbs.
Tires, 32 x 3½, fabric	- (about 4000 miles)	
Top	- Two-man, with side supports	
Gas Feed	- - -	Air pressure
Windshield	- - -	Folding
Rims	- - -	Detachable
Cooling	- - -	Thermo system
Rear axle gears	- - -	Straight teeth
Oiling system	- - -	Splash
Chassis lubrication	- - -	Grease cups
Back curtain light	- - -	Celluloid
Side curtains	- - -	Stationary
Finish	- - -	Paint, air dried
Gasoline mileage	- - -	About 18
Service brake	- - -	Clutch combination
Wiring harness	- - -	Open
Insurance rating	- - -	B
Terms	- - -	Cash
Service stations	- - -	About 1000



No. 1 Chevrolet

Price, 1914, \$1000

1924

SPECIFICATIONS

Horsepower, S. A. E.	- - -	21.7
Weight	- - -	1880 lbs.
Tires, 30 x 3½, fabric	- (about 8000 miles)	
Top	- - -	One man
Gas feed	- - -	Suction
Windshield	- - -	Double ventilating
Rims	- - -	Demountable
Cooling	- - -	Pump circulation
Rear axle gears	- - -	Spiral bevel
Oiling system	- - -	Pump, forced feed
Chassis lubrication	- - -	Alemite
Back curtain light	- - -	Glass
Side curtains	- - -	Open with doors
Finish	- - -	Baked enamel
Gasoline mileage	- - -	About 24
Service brake	- - -	Separate brake pedal
Wiring harness	- - -	In conduits
Insurance rating	- - -	A
Terms	- - -	As desired
Service stations	- - -	About 20,000



Present Chevrolet

Price, 1924, \$495

THE pronounced leadership of the automobile business in restoring the old-time purchasing power of the dollar is best illustrated in the increased quality and decreased price of a Chevrolet.

The reductions in prices have more than doubled the purchasing power of the consumer's dollar, although the specifications and design show marked increase in quality.

Big volume production made these economies possible. Note the ten years' record of Chevrolet sales:

Ten Years' Record of Chevrolet Sales

1914—	5,005	1919—	151,019
1915—	13,500	1920—	155,647
1916—	69,682	1921—	77,627
1917—	125,399	1922—	242,373
1918—	93,814	1923—	483,310

We are the world's largest manufacturers of quality cars, having attained this leadership through offering the utmost possible per dollar value in modern quality automobiles.

Before buying any car at any price See Chevrolet First.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices. Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Superior Roadster	\$490	Superior Commercial	
Superior Touring	495	Chassis	\$395
Superior Utility Coupe	640	Superior Light Delivery	495
Superior 4-Pass. Coupe	725	Utility Express Truck	
Superior Sedan	795	Chassis	550